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WITH  
TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.

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THE VICTOR OF KIN-CHAU: GENERAL OKU, WHO HAS ACHIEVED THE IMPOSSIBLE WITH A FRONTAL ATTACK.

*Few commanders can lay claim to such a victory as that gained by General Oku at Kin-chau. Not only did his men win the day after two firing-lines had been annihilated, but they carried by direct assault a Russian position believed to be impregnable, and captured no less than eighty-two guns of all calibres.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Report of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission has been greeted with gibes. Appointed to make suggestions for raising the efficiency of the Militia and Volunteers, the Commission proposes to abolish them, and turn our able-bodied youth into conscripts. Unmindful of the Navy, it conjures up visions of invasion on a Napoleonic scale, and asks of what avail our Volunteers would be in that emergency. This is regarded as a poor attempt to make our flesh creep. Ha! Instead of creeping, that gallant integument capers about with mingled indignation and derision. We would have these audacious and inconsequent Commissioners know that the Navy is our bulwark, and, if that should fail (which is, of course, impossible), that "nothing could save us." It would seem to follow from this that we have no use for the Militia and Volunteers, who might as well disband, and let us submit to the foe, should he have the diabolical luck to sink or scatter our ships. But this does not really follow, for the Commission, it is said, ought to have shown us how to train the Auxiliary forces to the pitch of perfection, from which, I understand, they are at present remote.

This pitch of perfection is desirable because it is held by the experts, or most of them, that we do not need a large standing army for home defence. We should rely, in the military sense, mainly on the gallant Auxiliaries. But the pitch of perfection must either make the Volunteer equal to a Regular, or prove that he cannot be equal to a Regular because he is a Volunteer. This dreadful reasoning appears to have worked havoc in the minds of the Commissioners, driving them to the conclusion that a conscript with a year's training will make a better soldier than the Volunteer, such as we know him after forty years' experience. The Volunteer, in short, must always be an amateur, whereas the conscript is bound to be a professional, qualified to encounter with professional coolness and discipline any foreign professionals who might visit our shores in great force without an invitation. There cannot be any merit in this argument, for public opinion has pretty unanimously rejected it on various grounds, one of which makes it out to be "reaction and militarism." In a discussion of this kind, our old friend militarism is sure to pop up like the alarming toy which used to scare our childhood. It is not militarism to line our hedges with amateur riflemen, should an invader dare to show his nose. But it is militarism of the most reactionary type to take care that the rifleman shall be trained to arms from his youth upwards, like the intrusive warrior with the nose aforesaid.

This national reliance on the amateur, by the way, is the subject of some pointed remarks by Mr. Sidney Low in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Low, as I have had other occasions to observe, turns a keen and dispassionate gaze upon our party system, and our sublime Constitution. In the serious work of politics, he says, our public men often distinguish themselves by the absence of "trained faculty." "In the greatest business of all, that of government, we remain content with a low level of amateurish ability." Our rulers are honest; and we are not so rude as to apply any scientific test to their intelligence, and to inquire why the public service is directed on the principle of fitting the square peg into the round hole. "A young officer will be refused his promotion to captain's rank if he cannot show some acquaintance with tactics and military history; but the Minister of War may be a man of peace—we have had such—who regards all soldiering with dislike, and has sedulously abstained from getting to know anything about it." He may be that wondrous politician who said that the creation of a General Staff would be a crime, because it would set soldiers thinking about the problems of their profession. Or he may be inspired by that wondrous journal which told us two or three years ago that military strategy in South Africa ought to be controlled by civilians in Downing Street.

There are permanent officials, of course, who know their business; but they are subordinated to the "uninstructed amateur, who decides on policy." You may go to a public office with a project or a grievance, and get sound advice from the expert administrator you find there; "but his judgment may be overridden by his Chief, perhaps a popular M.P., who scarcely knew of the existence of this particular bureau till he came to draw a salary from it." Mr. Low makes the daring remark that "the art of government is too exacting an art to be pursued successfully by young men interested in other things, or by elderly men not keenly interested in anything." He even suggests that men in the House who make themselves "professional politicians" by applying all their energies to Parliamentary and Committee work should be rewarded with permanent appointments in the Civil Service. But the party system does not encourage that idea. It rewards fidelity to the party above all other merits, and so the faithful amateur remains predominant.

"You do not consult an amateur architect," says Mr. Low, "when your house is to be rebuilt; if it were burning, you would not feel quite happy with the amateur fire-brigade." But the sublime Constitution bids you rejoice to think that an amateur politician, who believes it is not the business of the War Office to study war, may take charge of the national defence; or that, in the worst emergency, your hearth and home may be defended by amateur riflemen.

Providentially there are other sources of gratification. It was a sure instinct that prompted me to the apparent extravagance of a regular copy of our greatest journal with my morning coffee. For what do I learn from the immensely clever man who writes the *Times* advertisements of itself? That everyone who is seen to read it is known to belong to the "aristocracy of thought"! As you cannot see me at this exercise in the seclusion of domestic privacy, pray accept from one aristocrat this intimation of his patent of nobility. 'Tis cheap at the price; a better investment surely than that of the amateur novelist who, as Mr. Cuthbert Hadden tells us in the *Fortnightly*, still pays for the publication of the masterpiece that nobody reads. Many years ago, when I was very green, I wrote a little work of fiction which ran as a serial through a weekly journal of severe principles. It related how a preacher in South Wales prostrated himself at the feet of a siren. The spiritual directors of the paper grew more disturbed with each instalment, and were much relieved when I took the young man out in a sailing-boat at Milford Haven as an amateur yachtsman, and drowned him. I sent the story to a publisher, who wrote of it in terms of enthusiasm. Would I do him the honour of calling at his office? I called, and he offered to publish the book if I would advance fifty pounds. I said that just then I was worth about fifty pence, and he proceeded to dwell on serious blemishes in the masterpiece. They came out all of a sudden, like a rash. Fifty pounds from me would cure them, I gathered, but without that healing balm the masterpiece would die. And die it did.

This happened so long ago that I supposed amateur novelists to have grown many shades less green than I was then. But Mr. Hadden shows me that the tint is deeper and deeper still. How else explain the publication of 1859 novels in a single year, the great bulk of them destitute of even the smallest merit? There was nothing like that number in the year which would have been *Annus Mirabilis* for English fiction, but for the accident that I had only fifty pence to proffer the publisher who received me with a squint in a dingy back-room in Southampton Street, Strand. (I do not want to make out that the dinginess and the squint were marks of parsimony, cupidity, and cunning; but it was odd that the squint grew so sinister, and the furniture so squalid, as soon as their owner unfolded his scheme for making me an ornament of literature!) But nowadays, it seems, the amateur is so flush with his money that the Cheops of Paternoster Row can build a regular Pyramid of unreadable novels. There is an upper chamber in this office to which these unfortunates are banished after the Editor has solemnly pronounced sentence upon them. To all would-be novelists I prescribe a visit to that dreary limbo of the great unread.

But if the amateur in fiction contributes little to our joy, what a comfort is the expert gossip, deep in the mysteries of social and political intrigue! From a work entitled "London Society in the New Reign," I cull this sustaining passage: "Every New York novelist or journalist, from Mr. Marion Crawford down to Mr. Pulitzer, dreams of the good time coming, when Parliaments shall be no more, and Edward VII. will be an absolute King, with Joseph Chamberlain as Mayor of the Palace or Grand Vizier." Why read novels when you can drink from this pure spring of fancy? Why write them, Mr. Marion Crawford may say, when even the veteran romancer can be eclipsed in a single sentence? But the expert gossip can do more than this. He can invest the simplest tastes with regal splendour. "I have before now," he says, "had the honour of seeing Edward VII. enjoy beneath a humble roof a hearty meal of calves' liver and bacon."

O my prophetic soul! Why have I been partial to that modest dish all my life? It was a presage of destiny even more august than the "aristocracy of thought." To enjoy calves' liver and bacon is more distinguished than to be seen reading the *Times*. One is aristocracy, but the other is monarchy; and when Mr. Pulitzer's dream comes true, it will be autocracy! And to think I was born for such dazzling eminence! I am not jealous of Mr. J. C. Parkinson, who, as I learn from the same authority, is a "naturalised grandee in Austria-Hungary, privileged to wear on State occasions a costume indescribably superb." He may be. I don't care! In future I shall add liver and bacon to my frugal breakfast, and sit down to it in a dressing-gown of indescribably humble design; and, with the *Times* propped against the coffee-pot, feel that I belong to the Imperialism of Mind. J. C. P. will not rival that, I fancy.

## THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

Once more, in a position chosen by themselves, fortified by works which, though not entirely of a permanent character, were evidently intended to become so; armed with over fifty pieces of ordnance, defended by all the devices which modern science provides, and manned by entrenched infantry, the Russians have experienced defeat. The battle of Kin-chau must take its place in the first rank of the most hardly fought and desperately contested engagements in history. The details of the action which have reached us leave no doubt that the victory was due as much to the courage, endurance, and discipline of the soldiers as to the combination of prudence and audacity, illumined by foresight and by a masterly grasp of details, which characterised General Oku's strategy. That the Russians fought doggedly and with stubborn courage is certain, but once more they have shown that even behind defences they are no match for their opponents. When their lines were pierced they fled, and it is not, at the moment of writing, very clear how far the pursuers followed. Certainly the land route to Port Arthur is now open, for Kin-chau was the key of the Kwan-tung peninsula. It is unlikely that there will be any further defence outside Port Arthur.

The army under General Oku, which has thus scored the second land victory for Japan, is that which was landed at Pi-tsze-wo in the first week in May, and which was afterwards reported to be in touch with the Russians to the east of Kin-chau. It is officially referred to as the Second Army Corps, and includes the First, Third, and Fourth Divisions—in all probability from thirty to forty thousand men. The task before the Mikado's troops was rendered more difficult by the circumstance that General Stoessel, who commanded the Russian force, had been able to choose his position some time previously, and had taken every possible advantage of the ground. It appears that he was also able to mount as part of his defences several heavy guns taken from the ships out of action. A glance at the map will show the main topographical features connected with the battle. The actual neck of land by which the promontory is joined to the mainland is less than two miles broad, and is merely a ridge of ground sloping on either side to the sea. This ridge rises as it approaches Kin-chau, and there forms the hill referred to as Nan-shan, the strongest part of the line of defence, and the extreme left of the Russian position, the right resting on Hu-shan-tao (spelt in some accounts Liu-chiang-tien), a high bluff facing Talien-wan Bay. Here the Russians had the assistance of a gun-boat, but on the other flank their position was enfiladed by four Japanese gun-boats in Kin-chau Bay. In addition to the fifteen guns carried by these gun-boats, the Japanese had only their field-pieces, which were placed on high ground opposite Nan-shan Hill to oppose the upwards of fifty heavy pieces mounted by the Russians. The Russian sharpshooters of the Siberian Rifles were strongly entrenched, with machine-guns at all the important points, and there can be no doubt that it was never intended by the Russian Generals that this position should be other than the permanent outwork of Port Arthur; for so long as it was held, the defenders of the port might hope to co-operate with any force sent to their help, or, moreover, might sally out and deliver a stroke against the flank of a force operating to the north. It must be admitted that the Russians had a particularly strong position, one not of undue extent, strongly fortified, well garrisoned, and with natural protections on its flanks; yet it has succumbed, and succumbed to a frontal attack made by the infantry of the despised yellow race. It is a fact not easily explained that from ten to twelve thousand Russian troops, full of confidence in themselves and in their solid entrenchments and formidable artillery, should be fairly routed in a single day's fight. It is the most crushing blow the Russians have received yet.

It by no means follows that because he has taken the position at Kin-chau by storm, therefore General Oku will endeavour to repeat the operation on Port Arthur itself. He can afford to wait now, seeing that he has drawn the teeth of the military portion of the garrison, just as Togo did those of the fleet. So long as the works which have now been captured continued in the hands of the Russians, the door remained open for Kuropatkin to bring relief from the north. Now Oku can strengthen it and turn the position into a bar to anything of the kind, even if he does not decide immediately to undertake operations against Port Arthur.

It is a curious circumstance that the Russian authorities do not appear to have had any direct information of what was happening at Kin-chau. The only official notification referring to the matter issued in St. Petersburg merely stated that firing was heard in that direction. Hitherto it has been supposed that an underground telegraph-wire connected Port Arthur with Liaoyang and Mukden; but if this were the case it is strange that the battle, which in its details covered three days, was not reported to General Kuropatkin.

## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

The extraordinary interest evinced by all nations in the battle of Kin-chau—a feat of arms that has placed Japan among the great military peoples of the world, that has proved her soldier to be that dangerous compound, the scientific fanatic, and that has quashed at least one of the so-called "lessons" of the South African War—is in no way lessened by the undoubted eagerness with which the operations of Generals Kuroki and Kuropatkin are being followed. This is in itself remarkable testimony to the hold the victory has taken upon the mind of the public: Kuroki and Kuropatkin were personages to the newspaper-reader, while Oku and Stoessel were, comparatively, nonentities; but neither the strategy of the former nor the mystery enshrouding their movements could be expected to outweigh the colossal daring of Oku and the apparently hopeless position of Stoessel.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "LADY FLIRT," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Judged by no more exacting standard of taste than that of Haymarket playgoers, who seem content to be mildly amused by pleasant trivialities, "Lady Flirt," a comedy adapted from the French of MM. Gavault and Beer, is rather a feeble specimen of its class—the artificial, old-fashioned class of "A Scrap of Paper." It is not merely that the play's story is slight and totally unoriginal, that its characters, from the self-sacrificing heroine downwards, are mere creatures of the footlights; but there is no particular ingenuity of treatment shown by the authors, and their piece contains not a single striking situation. Its whole intrigue concerns merely an unaddressed love-letter which is sent by a French Count to an English diplomat's wife and comes into the hands of her husband, is claimed by a quixotic woman-friend of hers, and seems likely, by compromising this innocent lady's reputation, to spoil (but, of course, does not spoil) a love affair between her and the diplomat's brother. The best thing about the comedy is its avoidance of absurd heroics; its worst features are its presenting a Gallic philanderer as the grinning, swaggering buffoon of insular caricature, and its allowing an English sportsman of supposed good breeding to insult this Frenchman with the epithet of "monkey." Mr. Fred Kerr invests the bullying Englishman with due authority, but with needlessly rough manners, perhaps as a foil to the bows and grimaces of Mr. Cyril Maude's extremely diverting Count. The rôle of "lady flirt," or rather lady Quixote, falls to Miss Ellis Jeffreys, whose delicate comedy talents seem wasted on a play whose most piquant humours turn on Frenchmen's broken English, or on such Anglo-French as "Je suis très-worried."

## EURIPIDES' "HIPPOLYTUS," AT THE LYRIC.

It is two thousand three hundred odd years ago since the "Hippolytus" of Euripides was produced at Athens, and it is astonishing how few tragedies written since, outside the Shaksperian canon, can compare with this classic of old Greece in sublimity of poetic imagination, in sonority of rhetoric, in poignancy of pathos. The story of Phædra's infatuation for her step-son has been familiarised on the modern stage by Racine's "Phèdre," but Euripides' treatment is more human than that of his French rival. Indeed, it is wonderful how modern in Professor Gilbert Murray's majestic translation of the "Hippolytus" Euripides really seems. This innovator, who almost dispensed with the chorus, this rationalist who used the legends of the old gods and heroes to preach a new religion of humanity, this feminist who yet in the "Hippolytus" itself sacrifices the failings of women, was, of course, in advance of his age. But how far, too, in some ways, above ours! What an object-lesson is his pure art to our petty stage! Thanks are due to the New Century Theatre Society for its interesting revival of the "Hippolytus," as also to Mr. Ben Webster (Hippolytus), Mr. Brydone (Theseus), Miss Olive (Phædra), Miss Farr (Chorus-leader), and, above all, Mr. Granville Barker (Messenger), for strong and impassioned elocution worthy of some future *Comédie Anglaise*.

## "WHO'S WHO?" AT THE SAVOY.

There have been many less agreeable importations from France than the Palais-Royal sort of farce which Mr. Sidney Dark has adapted neatly under the title of "Who's Who?" and Mr. Somerset has staged for his season at the Savoy. Of course, it is a wild, noisy piece of buffoonery of the old familiar type, all about a man locked up in a railway trunk; and its only original element of fun is that of the prisoner's drinking a glass of claret by means of a straw thrust through one of the holes of the box. Still, the play is droll enough in a slap-dash mechanical fashion, and if all its interpreters worked as hard as Mr. Somerset himself, it would be very well acted. The actor-manager contents himself with the part of a worried husband who is almost as concerned over not finding his slippers as Mr. Somerset's Drury Lane lunatic was over wearing his boots. While Mr. Somerset is on the stage he lifts the piece along; when he is absent it flags, because his comrades too often play without regard to *ensemble*—save, indeed, Mr. Dagnall, who is very happy as an amorous old M.P.; Mr. Ivan Berlyn, who does well as a grotesque hotel-porter; and Miss Nellie Sidney, who always pleases in a chambermaid's rôle.

## "DAVID GARRICK," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Is there a playgoer worthy of the name who has not seen Sir Charles Wyndham in the periodically revived "David Garrick"? Probably not; but there must be plenty of people eager to renew acquaintance with so famous and popular an impersonation. They have their chance now, for Charles Wyndham's Garrick will nightly enact the great scene of sham drunkenness till Wednesday next, when "David Garrick" will give place to a final reproduction of "The Liars." The "Garrick" comedy has the advantage of Miss Mary Moore's resumption of her pretty performance in the part of the alderman's susceptible daughter, and the only notable change in the cast is the substitution of Mr. Alfred Bishop for Mr. William Farren as the alderman.

## "SIBERIA," AT THE HIPPODROME.

Last Monday night the stirring little drama "Siberia" was revived by the Hippodrome management, and was received once more with hearty applause—enthusiasm, as usual, culminating over the splendid scene in which the leaping horses dash, with their sledge, into the stream and swim boldly across. It is a sight worth going far to see.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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*The Life of Major-General Wauchop.* C.B., C.M.G., LL.D. Sir George Douglas. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)  
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ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's

Management, open from June 1 to September 30.

Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loch

and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London; Wardle

and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 18, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh,

and 1, Tower Place, Leith; and

CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

## P. &amp; O. PLEASURE CRUISES.

The Steam Yacht "VECTIS," 6000 tons, 6000 h.p., will leave Tilbury on a four weeks'

Cruise for NORWAY and the FAR NORTH on July 6. Fares from 35 guineas.

## P. &amp; O. MIDSUMMER VACATION CRUISE.

The "VECTIS" will leave Tilbury on a three weeks' Cruise to the BALTIC and the

NORTHERN CAPITALS on August 10. Fares from 21 guineas.

For particulars apply to the Manager of the Company's West-End Office, Northumberland

Avenue, London, W.C.

## DIRECT SERVICE TO HAMBURG

in connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich.

By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "PEREGRINE" and

"HIRONDELLE" every Wednesday and Saturday. Passengers leave London

(Liverpool Street Station) by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m.

First Class Single, 37s. 6d.; Second Class Single, 25s. 9d.; Return (for 2 months),

56s. 3d. or 38s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or the Continental

Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

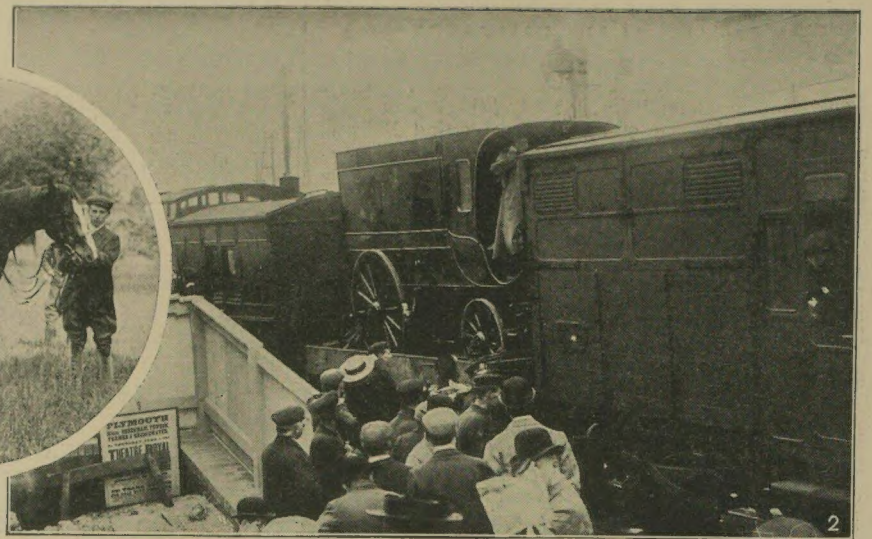
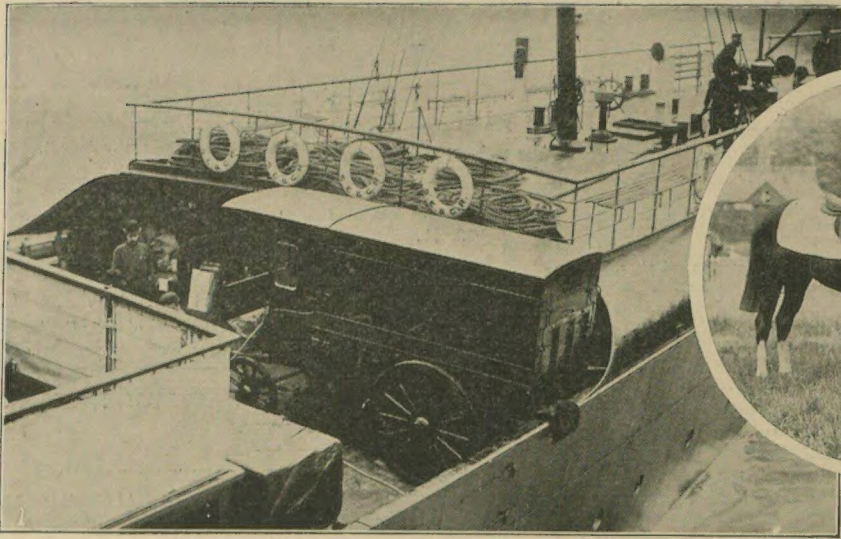
## LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.





1. GOUVERNANT'S CHANNEL PASSAGE: THE SPECIAL VAN CONTAINING THE COLT ON BOARD SHIP.

2. THE VAN CONTAINING GOUVERNANT STARTING FROM FOLKESTONE FOR EPSOM.

3. GOUVERNANT IN THE PADDOCK AT HOLT'S STABLE, EPSOM, MAY 29.

THE FRENCH FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY: GOUVERNANT'S JOURNEY TO ENGLAND TO COMPETE FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF.

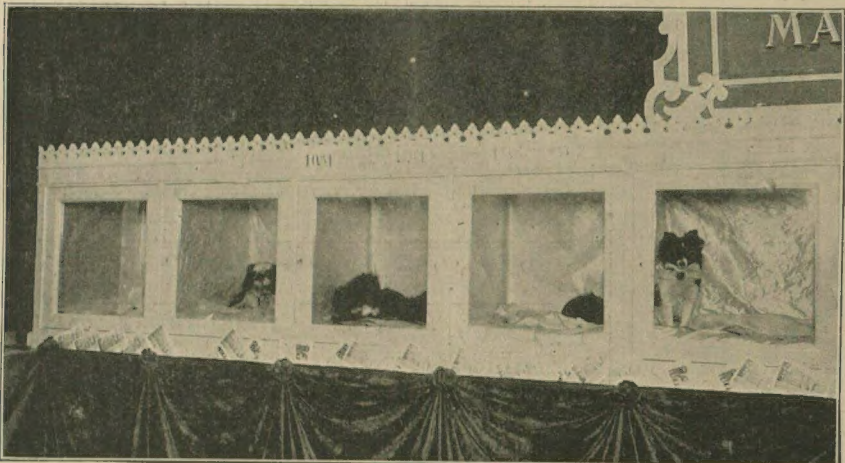


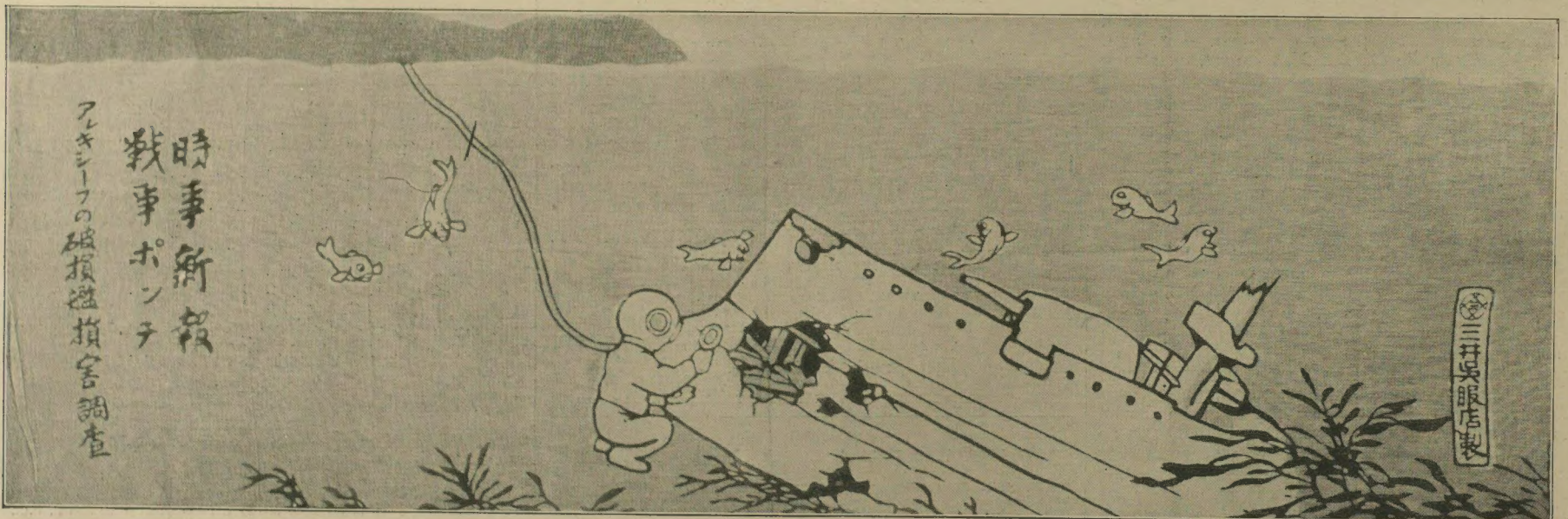
Photo. Delius.

LUXURY FOR COMPETITORS AT DOG-SHOWS: BOXES FOR PET EXHIBITS.

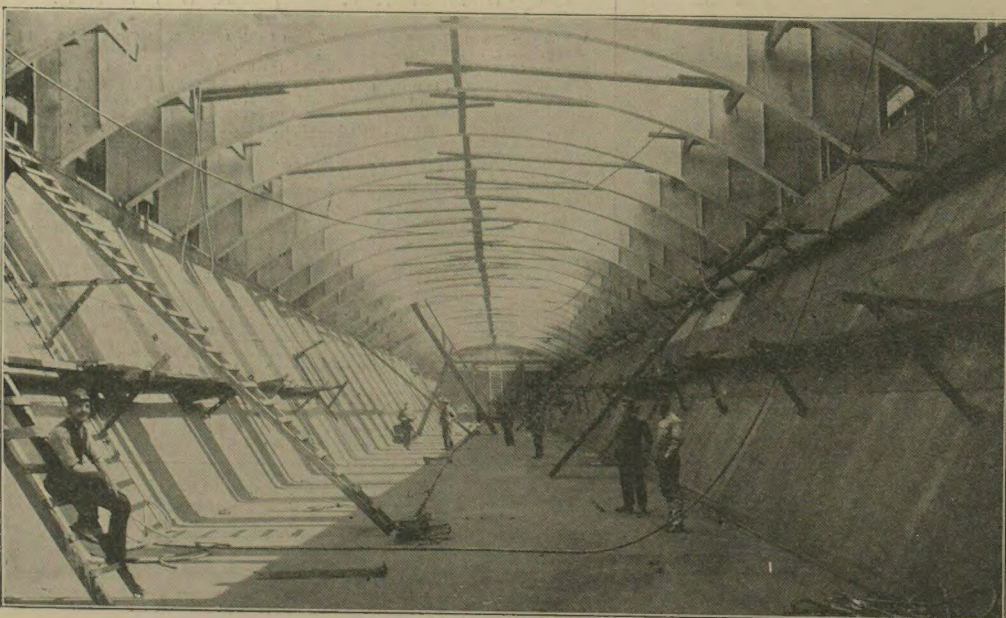


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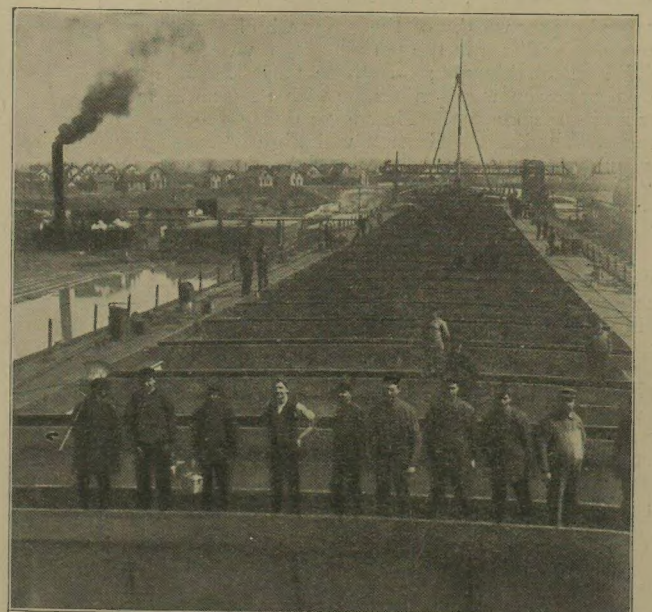
THE YOUTHFUL GOETHE: THE NEW STATUE AT STRASSBURG.—[SEE ARTICLE.]



JAPANESE HUMOUR AT ALEXEIEFF'S EXPENSE: "THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL INSPECTS THE SUNKEN WAR-SHIPS AND REPORTS 'SLIGHT DAMAGE.'" (PRINTED ON A TOWEL.)



THE HUGE CARGO-HOLD, OVER FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG.



THE DECK DURING CONSTRUCTION.

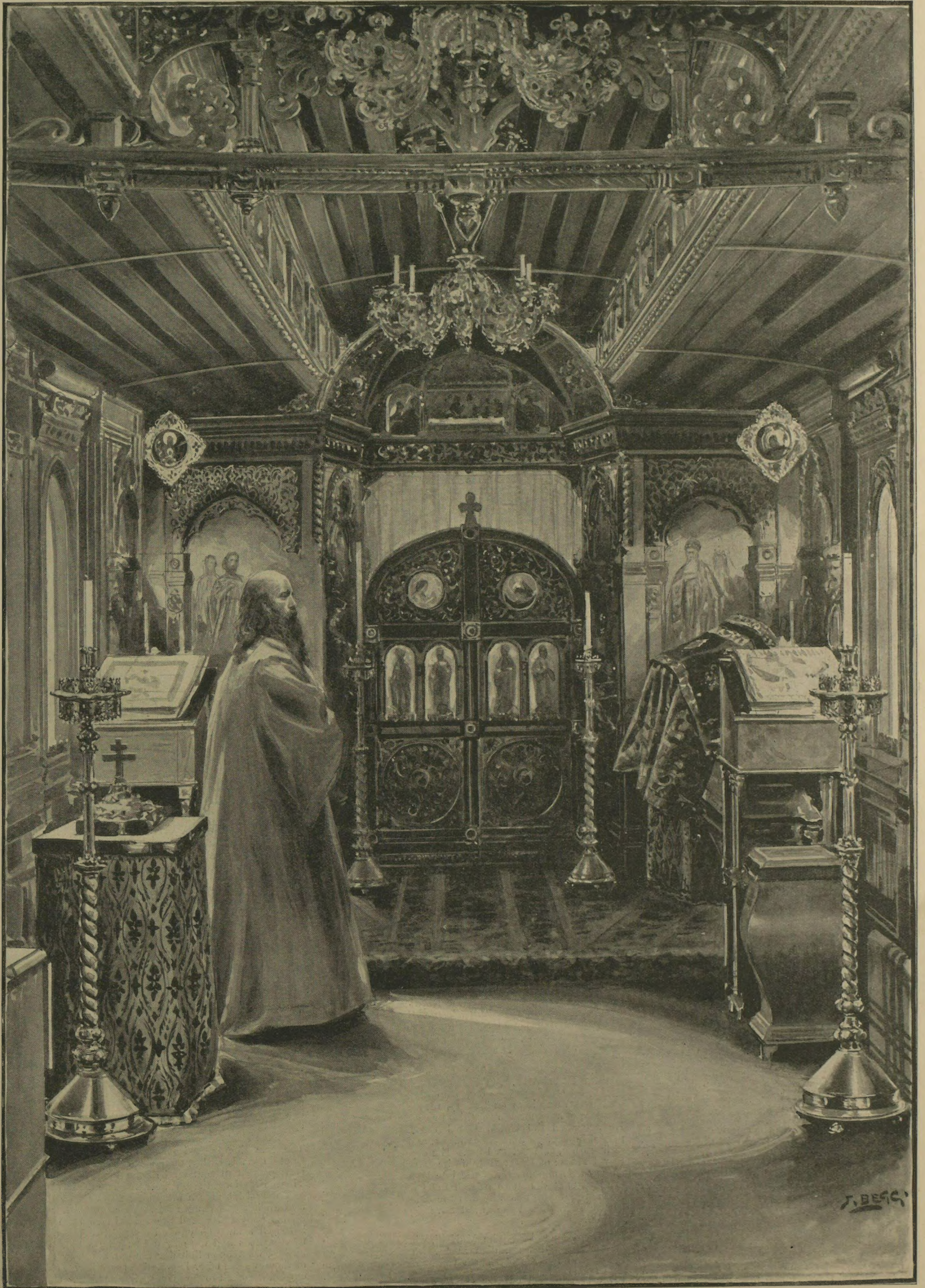
THE LARGEST STEAMER EVER BUILT FOR FRESH-WATER TRAFFIC: THE "AUGUSTUS W. WOLVIN," 560 FT. LONG, LAUNCHED ON THE GREAT LAKES OF AMERICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



# A MOVING CHAPEL ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE COURTESY OF THE "CENTURY MAGAZINE."



THE CHAPEL-CAR USED BY EMPLOYÉES DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

*In this wheeled sanctuary the ceremonies of the Greek Church were regularly observed and the sacraments celebrated, as the engineers slowly worked their way eastward to Harbin.*



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA.

The London season usually brings to these shores some interesting potentate who enjoys for a brief space the honours of the social lion. *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, and this year's novelty is no less a personage than the Alake of Abeokuta, who rules over a great city of 150,000 inhabitants and a fertile territory about sixty miles from Lagos. The Alake's dominions are of special importance, as they are likely to become one of the great cotton-growing centres of the British Empire. In the Yoruba dialect, spoken by the Egba tribe, over whom he rules, the Alake's name signifies "He who owns Ake," the name of the old capital of the Egbas, who were brought into subjection by the Yorubas in 1838. Abeokuta means "under the rocks," and the appropriateness of the name will be apparent to those who study our picture of the giant cliffs which overhang the Alake's capital. On May 30 the Alake was received by King



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR J. MCNEILL, V.C.  
DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

Edward, and thereby realised the great desire of his heart. His Majesty treated the Prince with an urbanity that will go far to cement the friendship between this West African ruler and Great Britain.

## POPE AND KING.

A remarkable contrast to the attitude of the Papacy towards the French Republic is afforded by the visit of Cardinal Svampa to the King of Italy. The Cardinal is Archbishop of Bologna, and by the direction of the Pope he attended the King's reception in that city in full state, and subsequently sat on his Majesty's right hand at dinner. These courtesies, which are quite unprecedented, have made a great impression on public opinion. No such spirit would have been manifested by the Vatican under Pius IX. or Leo XIII. Pius X. has made an innovation which is by no means welcome to Ultramontane sentiment, for Bologna was under Papal sovereignty in the heyday of the Temporal Power. Cardinal Svampa's homage to the King is a concession which is supposed to mean that the Papacy recognises the Italian kingdom everywhere in Italy save Rome itself. It is suggested that the Pope claims a secular dignity only in the part of Rome known as the Leonine City—a considerable restriction of the ancient temporalities of the Papacy. The principle thus asserted is not in the least likely to be admitted; but the new spirit of the Vatican is a gracious change.

## CONSCRIPTS OR VOLUNTEERS?

According to the recommendation of seven out of eleven members of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of our Auxiliary forces, we should henceforth have two separate Armies—one, as at present constituted, on the voluntary principle, for service abroad; and another, based on compulsion, for home defence. It is perfectly clear that we could not have one homogeneous Army founded on conscription, or universal liability to military service, at once for the purposes of home and foreign warfare, because this would outrage the principle—which, as Lord Wolseley once observed, has never yet been violated by any civilised State—that no man can be expatriated against his will. Otherwise, military service abroad would become military slavery. The vicissitudes of war often compel armies to defend their native countries in the territories of their opponents—as in the case, for example, of the Germans in France; and, when war breaks out, soldiers must e'en follow its fortunes whithersoever it may lead them.

GENERAL SASSULITCH,  
RELIEVED OF THE COMMAND OF THE SECOND  
SIBERIAN ARMY DIVISION.

But that is a very different thing from their being compelled to do long periods of garrison duty far away from their hearths and homes. Both the Germans and the French find it occasionally necessary to send military expeditions oversea—to Tonquin, for example, or to South-West Africa; but the men they draw for that purpose from their conscript armies are volunteers *ad hoc*. It is different, of course, with the soldiers of our own Regular Army, who, when they take the shilling, thereby declare themselves *in utrumque parati*, ready to go *quo fas et gloria ducunt*. It is manifest, therefore, that, with our

vast oversea Empire to garrison and defend, we must, under all circumstances, continue to maintain a paid Regular Army based on the voluntary system, as at present.

About that we are all agreed. The only question which divides the nation, as it has divided the Royal Commission—which, by the way, was never asked for its opinion on the point—is whether home defence shall be provided for as hitherto by our Auxiliary forces of the voluntary kind, or whether these shall be replaced by a conscript Army, on the Continental model, into which all young men capable of bearing arms would be drafted who are not otherwise serving their country with the Regulars. "We might reform those Auxiliary forces indifferently well," cautiously suggested some members of the Commission. "Oh, reform them altogether," replied their Hamlet-minded colleagues; "reform them out of existence, and replace them by compulsory Volunteers, home-defenders who, in presence of an invader, would exclaim: '*Coacti volumus*'!"

There is much to be said for such a conscript Army of the stay-at-home class. For one thing, it would simplify our military system and make it next to homogeneous. Its burdens would fall equally on the shoulders of all, and it would solve the problem of how to exact payment of the personal debt which every man undoubtedly owes his native country in the matter of its defence against foreign foes. A year's service with the colours would also tend to counteract the process of dead-rot and degeneration which is making such rapid havoc with the physique of our urban populations. It would infuse into the youth of the nation a spirit and habit of discipline which has made the Germans, for example, such formidable rivals to us in the field of commerce. It would do all that and more; and the only question is whether the off-setting drawbacks of the system would not outweigh its advantages.

What, then, is to be done? There is nothing to show that the necessities of the case might not be met by measures far less drastic and revolutionary than recourse to a system of compulsory service for all—measures which aimed at enlarging the numbers and improving the efficiency of our Auxiliary forces as at present constituted.

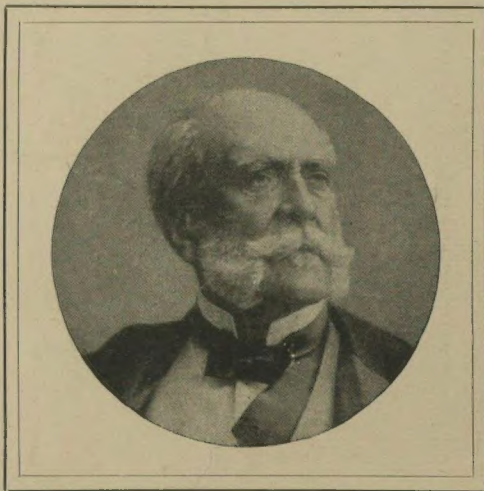


Photo. Voigt.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE  
FREDERICK WILLIAM OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

If the principle of compulsion is to be introduced at all, it might be adopted on lines different from those recommended by the Royal Commission. It might, for example, be decreed that henceforth military drill—up to a certain point—should be obligatory in every school in the Kingdom, of whatever class or degree.

But compulsion might go further still. It might be applied to all those who—though drilled at school—belonged neither to the Regular Army nor to any branch of the Auxiliary forces, and who might be required, under certain penalties—including, for example, drafting into the Militia—to produce a certificate before the end of their twenty-first year that they had learned to shoot straight, as well as to ride either a horse or a cycle, the *how* of their learning being *their* affair. In these various ways the country would soon be in possession of ample enough raw material out of which to extemporise an army equal to the task of coping with an invasion which, in no circumstances, would be likely to be so sudden and unforeseen as to deprive us of the advantage of adequate preparation.

If the recommendation of the Royal Commission was in the nature of a *ballon d'essai*, this has already been blown out of its course and into the sea by an adverse breeze of public opinion. CHARLES LOWE.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Grand Duke Frederick William of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died at Neustrelitz on May 30, was born on Oct. 17, 1819, and followed the example of most foreign royalties by serving in the Army. He ascended the Grand Ducal throne in 1860, and proved himself an able educationist, and a liberal patron of literature, science, and art. His connection with the Royal House of Great Britain—he married the Princess Augusta Caroline, sister of the late Duke of Cambridge, in 1843—caused him to be well known in this country. At the time of his death he was the oldest General in the Prussian Army, and the oldest Sovereign in the German Empire.

Major-General Sir John McNeill, who won distinction in our Colonial wars, died at St. James's Palace on May 24 in his seventy-fourth year. Sir John was the eldest son of the late Captain Alexander McNeill. He was educated at St. Andrews and afterwards at Addiscombe, whence he passed to the 12th Bengal Native Infantry. He was present during the siege and capture of Lucknow, and was twice mentioned in

dispatches. In the New Zealand War of 1861-65 he played a distinguished part, winning the V.C. He was in the Red River Expedition, and served as Chief of the Staff during the Ashantee Expedition. In the earlier Egyptian campaigns also he enhanced his reputation. Sir John was a great favourite with Queen Victoria and an Extra Equerry of King Edward.

General Richard Harte Keatinge, V.C., C.S.I., who died on May 25, won the coveted bronze cross while serving as Political Officer with the Mhow Field Force and the 1st Brigade Central India Field Force at the sieges of Dhar and Chundairee. His other active service was in 1858, when he commanded a force of Irregulars against Seeta Ram Holkar in the Sathpooora Hills; in 1859, and in 1865.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE GENERAL RICHARD HARTE  
KEATINGE, V.C., C.S.I.,  
DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

The battle on the Yalu, like every other battle of moment, has not failed to mar reputations and to offer opportunity to new blood. General Sassulitch, who is held to have been responsible for the Russian defeat, has been relieved of the command of the Second Siberian Army Division. He has been replaced by Lieutenant-General Count Keller, who recently resigned the post of Governor of Ekaterinoslav in order that he might be able to go to the Front.

## GOETHE MONUMENT AT STRASSBURG.

There has been no lack of Goethe monuments in Germany: English tourists may remember those at Frankfurt, at Berlin, at Vienna, at Weimar—where, by the way, a monument to Shakspeare has just been set up. All these represent Thomas Carlyle's hero in his full maturity. Other is the Goethe of Strassburg. It represents young Goethe, who there terminated his law studies and took his degree. Herr Wägener's design stands surrounded by verdure, in front of the beautiful new University building. Perhaps the expression of the face is not young enough. Fine sitting figures symbolising Tragedy and Lyric Poetry flank the principal statue; reliefs point to the minster and Sesenheim. Brilliant May weather favoured an inaugural festival which occupied several days.

## BOER CLAIMS.

Sir Arthur Lawley seems to have made it clear to the Boer delegates at Pretoria that the British Government undertook to help the Boers, not to compensate them, and that the administration of this financial assistance has already cost ten millions sterling. But there are some people in this country who will never understand that the Government is not bound to make good to every Boer his losses in the war. They talk about the sacredness of the private property of non-combatants, forgetting that there were no non-combatants and no private property. The whole Boer people fought against us, and used their goods, principally cattle, to maintain the struggle. The idea that the Boer warrior who lost his cattle is entitled to come down on us for compensation is simply comic. People who cite the Hague Convention do not know that it was meant to apply to wars conducted by regular armies on both sides, and to the property of civilians who take no part in the conflict.

## A RARE TIBETAN ANIMAL.

Among our Tibetan pictures we publish two representing one of the rarest animals of the Asiatic Highlands. It is called the showa, and belongs to the deer tribe. No specimen exists in any zoological collection in the world. The fine doe figured in our pages was captured by Captain W. J. Otley, of the 23rd Pioneers (Sikhs), who is at present in command of the 1st Mounted Infantry, Tibet Frontier Mission Force. The showa gave her captor and his men a magnificent run before they came up with her and caught her. The Captain flung himself off his pony and seized the animal round the neck with his right arm. They rolled downhill together for about twenty yards and were brought up by a clump of rose-bushes, whereupon Subadar Sungat Singh and a couple of Sepoys seized her legs and secured her. The Sepoys carried her back to camp on their shoulders. On account of the rarity and beauty of the creature, Captain Otley intended to ask General Macdonald to present her to the King, but, unfortunately, during the Captain's absence on duty, someone gave the showa salt and killed her.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COUNT KELLER,  
TO REPLACE GENERAL SASSULITCH.



# SCENES AND STAVES FROM "VÉRONIQUE," THE SEASON'S DAINTIEST COMIC OPERA.

DRAWINGS MADE BY W. RUSSELL FLINT AT THE APOLLO THEATRE; MUSICAL EXTRACTS REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO., NEW BOND STREET.

**1**

Figures slight, as hair that's bright, or, Yes, in - ate - the smart young  
man! Take Es - telle and Vé - ro - nique in - to your ser - vice,  
sir, Do not miss a chance like this for sel - dom they oc -  
cur Take Es - telle and Vé - ro - nique in - to your ser - vice,

**2**

round the dan - ce, and pe - ace - And he - ver their get - a -  
born - Oh - ger - den so sweet and so ex - cel -  
in - me so red - and so true! He'll - go - they his full of your  
ho - oey, And has - tin to flow, how fair - For

**3**

We - soon shall -  
high, Swing low, Swing low, Swing low The way then we  
Alcibi -  
and ding bells Swing low you know in right and rhyme Keep  
now, and then - as though you were ring - ing your hat - dal

W. RUSSELL FLINT 1904

1. SCENE FROM ACT I.: SONG BY HÉLÈNE  
(MISS RUTH VINCENT).

2. THE SWING DUET FROM ACT II.: HÉLÈNE AND FLORESTAN  
(MR. LAWRENCE REA).

3. SCENE FROM ACT III.: SONG BY ERMERANCE  
(MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM).



# NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS AS MOUNTED INFANTRY IN TIBET.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBET, OF THE EXPEDITION.



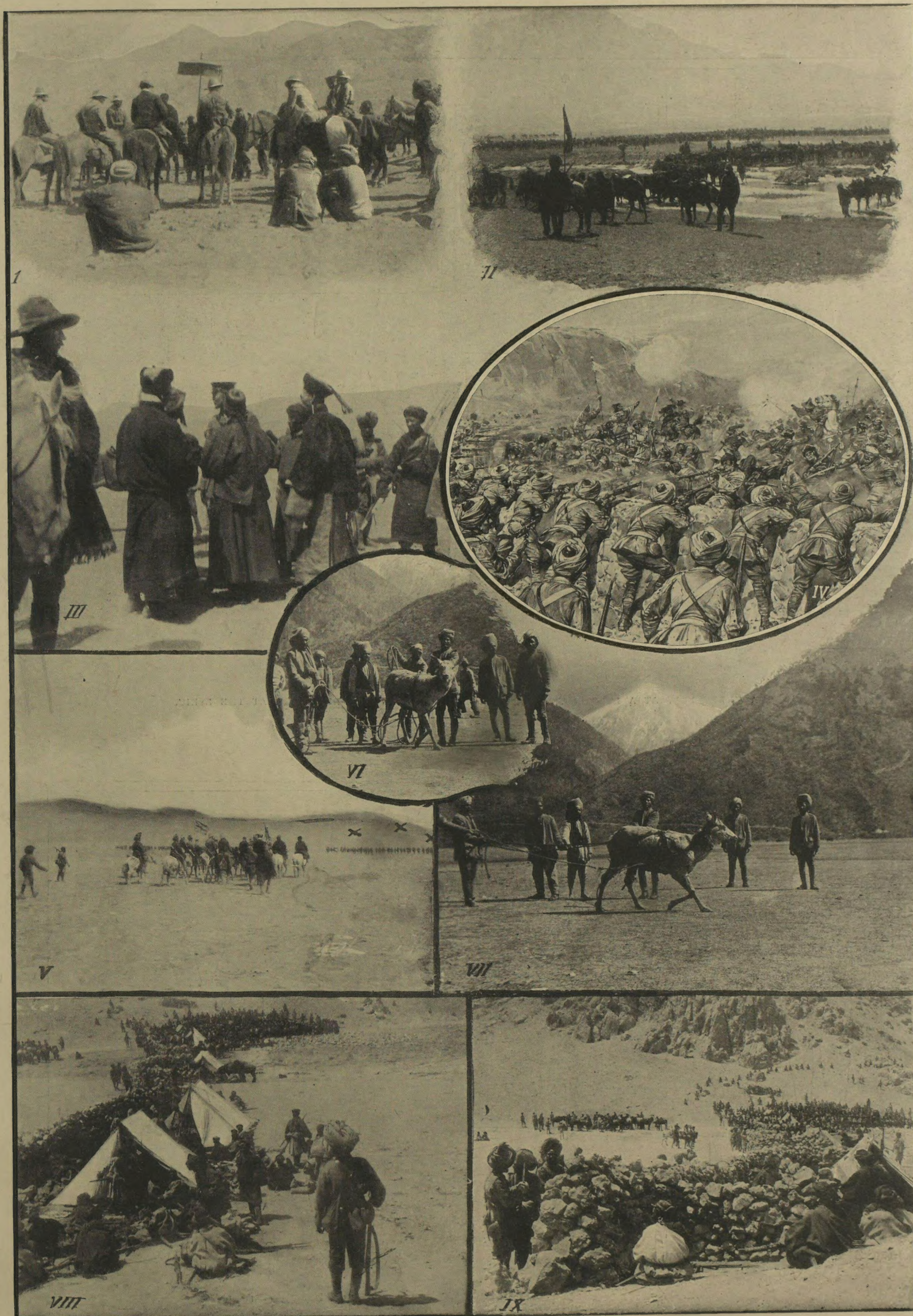
. PATHAN MOUNTED INFANTRY PURSUING TIBETANS THROUGH A GORGE NEAR GYANGTSE.

*The company of mounted infantry here represented is composed of splendid men, chosen from such regiments as the Guides, the 5th, the 24th, and other famous Punjab regiments. Among them are to be found Afridis, Khataks, Usufzais, Orakzais, and other worthy representatives of fighting frontiersmen. Their pursuit of the Tibetans after the action in the gorge near Gyangtse on May 4 was a dashing exploit.*



# WITH THE TIBETAN EXPEDITION: LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH MISSION.



I. AFTER THE FIGHT: BRITISH OFFICERS ACCEPTING THE LAMAS' SURRENDER.

II. ON THE WAY TO GURU: THE MISSION CROSSING A FROZEN RIVER.

III. THEIR LAST HALF-HOUR ON EARTH: TIBETAN GENERALS COMING OUT TO PARLEY JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT. (ALL THESE LEADERS WERE KILLED, WITH THEIR RETINUE. ON THE LEFT IS MR. CANDLER, THE "DAILY MAIL" CORRESPONDENT WHO WAS WOUNDED.)

IV. THE FIGHT AT GURU.—(FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.)

V. RECONNOITRING THE TIBETAN POSITIONS ON THE GURU HILLS. (THE ENEMY'S FORTS MARKED THUS X X X.)

VI. AND VII. A RARE ANIMAL: THE SHOWA (OF WHICH NO SPECIMEN IS IN ANY COLLECTION), CAPTURED BY CAPTAIN OTTLEY. [See Article.]

VIII. A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE GURU FIGHT: THE TIBETAN CAMP AT HOT SPRINGS.

IX. JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE: THE TIBETANS FACING THE MISSION ACROSS THE BARRIER WALL, WHERE ONE THOUSAND TIBETANS FELL.







# A NIGHT OF DREAMS.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustration by GORDON BROWNE.

THE moon went in behind a ribbed and fleecy scarf of June-night clouds. A nightingale, somewhere in the lacework of trees that girdled the gorse, piped half-heartedly and was still; the air was empty of human noises, but it was heavy with the scent of broom, scent of pines, savour of springy turf. A light burned in the lower window of one of the two old cottages whose gardens encroached upon the common land. The twin gardens behind them ran to the edge of a straight, sandy road that passed their wicket-gates and went on and on, cutting the common through its heart.

Presently, not long after the nightingale had stopped singing, the back door of the lighted cottage opened, and a man and woman entered the garden. They began to talk softly together; and at the first cautious murmur of their voices, hardly, at his distance, to be distinguished from the night noises of the common, a youth peered out, crept out from the next-door cottage, and crossed a line of cabbages on tip-toe. . . . They stopped, deep in their conversation, beneath the overhanging branches of a pear-tree. He drew a long breath and lifted himself, with infinite pains, into the fork of an apple-bough with which it coquetted above the hedge.

Charley Morton, national school pupil-teacher, had been bred to better things than this. He knew that eavesdropping and spying were contemptible, if only because he read sixpenny novels. He had, however, assured himself that in the present case these peccadilloes were turned to active virtue. The next-door lady was, to all intents and purposes, beauty in distress.

At least he adored her with as much real sentiment as his nature could produce, from afar. She *was* in distress; so much was true. And Charley on the apple-bough had the spirit of the knight errant.

She was a Countess, according to the postman. How many pupil-teachers had the luck to fall in love with a live Countess? How many villages, even, could boast of harbouring one for three whole weeks? She was not, by the way, in the village; she was a mile away from it, living side by side with Charley's mother, who stubbornly refused to believe the fantastic tale of her rank. A Countess with one meagre maid, and that a foreigner to boot! Without a bit of jewellery to her neck or fingers! No; that was a tough morsel to swallow; the old lady, who had seen something of the kitchens of the great, refused to bite upon it. Charley could believe it, if a' chose—and Charley did.

He could see from his perch her pale face, the neat coils of her straw-coloured hair, her too regular features, and the dignity of her bearing. To-night, in the shimmering shade, she was younger than he had ever dared to dream her. She was youthful, and she was a helpless Countess, in the mesh of melodramatic villainy. Charley had begun by weaving her into an imaginary romance; eavesdropping had placed her paramount in a real one, far beyond the conceptions of his fancy; credible only, though he knew it to be true, upon a magic June night and within range of her presence.

She spoke to the man beside her.

"After all, if I may not call upon you, to whom shall I turn? To Hermann? He has made a thousand

protestations of good faith." She paused, locking and unlocking her hands. "It is not only because I am not fit for my high office, Oswald," she said. "He has the power of the snake over the bird. You know it. You have seen it."

"Yes; but you are playing into his hands, Princess. I shall come when you call me; I shall always come at your call. But here is so little to be done, and it is my duty to point out your indiscretion."

Princess! This was abrupt promotion. Charley in the apple-tree sucked in a bewildered breath. He was a devourer of the modern school of romance, and he had imbibed some information among the sweetstuffs. He listened with an increasing interest, his heart palpitating at the glamour of the word.

"You may consider your duty discharged, Oswald." That was an imperious note: it passed, however, into appeal. "Please, *please*, listen to what I have to say! I heard from Anna in London this morning. Hermann crossed from Flushing three days ago. He is at Prince's Gardens at this moment, and Rabenstein is with him. He has come, of course, to find me."

The man nodded.

"Of course."

"He may discover me to-morrow."

"It is likely."

"Oh, dear Heaven!" said the woman, with a sigh that thrilled the soul of one listener.

"You know what will happen if he takes me back? You *must* know that it is all planned and laid in order. For my sake, can you bear to think of it, Oswald? You played with us a hundred times as children. You



He listened with an increasing interest.



will understand that I must have liberty. I shall never know it again if Hermann takes me back."

"Dear lady, they can force you to do nothing against your will."

"Oh yes, they can, Oswald. *He* can. I did not want to marry Paul, you know; and yet I married him. He was a tool in his hands—poor Paul. He would rather have married Marie; but Hermann wanted her for himself. Now all the intervening barriers are gone: Marie is gone, Paul is gone, and there is no one left but me—and Hermann. I hate him. Well! I have cause. He hates me—no doubt he has cause also. And yet—and yet—oh, it is too horrible. . . . There must be some way of escape. If I might only abdicate, as I desire, and as everyone but Hermann, I believe, desires, Uncle Franz could take my place. It would be a hundred times better for the country. It would solve all my troubles. I was not meant to rule—a poor, erratic, silly thing. Look at what I am doing now! If they knew, there would not have been a scandal to equal it for a hundred years."

"Then I suggest that your Highness should abdicate," the man said gravely.

"Oswald, you are a stolid Englishman; you do not see because you will not. I must go back to do that, and when I get there he will never let me do it. Uncle Franz is the soul of honour; he will stand aside, like the noble old soldier that he is, for fear he should influence me. What a ruling Prince he would make! No Hermann would wile him away from his conscience."

Charley was horribly befogged by the mist of strange allusions. He understood beauty was still in distress, however; and he maintained his painful perch upon the bough, whipped by his helplessness and his enthusiasm.

"If Hermann forces me to marry him," the Princess said, with distress sharpening her speech—and a shaft of light lit up the tangle of words and names—"I should do it; and I should be the most unhappy woman in Europe."

She had a light shawl about her shoulders; she gave a little shiver, and wrapped herself in it, as if the scented night had evil chill upon its breath. Then she buried her face suddenly in her hands and sobbed; and at the first quivering, unhappy breath a quicksilver current of pity raced through Charley Morton. The man beside her, her own familiar friend, stood like granite, his hands hard held at his sides. The youthful pupil-teacher set him down for an inhuman monster.

Nevertheless, he spoke at last.

"I will do what I can," he said slowly.

She checked her sobs, and slipped her hands from her face.

"What is it you will do?" she said softly, her voice vibrating.

"I will go as an ambassador from you to Prince Hermann," he said. "I will say to him: 'The Princess believes it would be for the good of the country if she were to abdicate. She is in mourning for her late husband; she is afraid of her responsibilities. She will be satisfying the wishes of her people if she vacates her place for Prince Franz.'"

She nodded, though without enthusiasm.

"It is all true," she said. "The nation thinks I am frivolous, lacking in proper dignity. It is quite true. . . . Dignity! Oh, no, I have not a shred—and Uncle Franz is made of it. But you do not suppose a recital of these things will influence Hermann? He would rather be the Prince Consort of a fool than of a wise woman, I can assure you."

"I will say that you will not leave your present retreat until you have signed your abdication. He shall send Rabenstein to witness it."

"You will say—I will not!" It will be no barrier to him—no obstacle," she repeated hopelessly.

He hesitated, and followed a brief silence by a final pronouncement.

"I will tell him that I am authorised to announce publicly that the Princess denies the rumours of her impending remarriage," he said. "If he is obdurate it shall be done; it shall be published broadcast in the Press of your Highness's capital."

"If you could couple that with the statement that I had remarried—somebody else—it might do," she said; and here Charley saw that she spoke unevenly, and turned her head away. "Not unless," she paused. He said nothing, and she continued: "Alas! no, there is nothing to be done by you, Oswald. I—thank you, but—you must forgive me for sending for you. I acted on impulse—foolish impulse, of course. Your mission fails inevitably. And, what is more, my friend, it has danger for you, and therefore I forbid you to undertake it."

"Does your Highness suggest—?"

"Poison or the dagger? Dear me, no, Oswald; I am not quite such a goose as you all appear to think me. But poisoned words—dagger-like insinuations. . . . You have a career before you; it would not be difficult for the—Prince Consort to wreck it."

"Pshaw!" the man said, making an impatient stride. "The Prince Consort! Your imagination riots, Princess."

"It always did, Oswald. I suppose I must positively be a goose after all."

He looked sideways at her, made an involuntary movement, and checked himself quickly.

"All this is the height of imprudence," he said. "I have to be back in London before people are out of their beds; I must find my way again to the station, and"—he gave a sweeping, significant gesture—"will anyone tell me what good I am doing here?"

The Princess (Charley had swallowed her larger title at a gulp) extended her hand meekly for answer. He bent over it, touching her fingers with his lips. He stood upright again, facing her in a space of moonlight, and Morton saw him distinctly for the first time. He observed that he was a fine, handsome man in the prime of life, a sturdy English oak before whom the foreign lady swayed like a willow. There was something urgent, defiant, unruly in his gaze; but his attitude was rigid as

a rock, and the Princess's eyes were at the level of his waistcoat.

"One moment," she said, reluctant, as it seemed, to let him go. "You are always very firm in insisting that people should do their duty, Oswald. Do you think I should be doing my duty if I could give my inheritance to Uncle Franz instead of—well, we must say 'sharing,' of course—instead of sharing it with Hermann?"

"Not your legal duty, perhaps," said the counsellor dubiously. "But"—and here he was quite firm, and his glance embraced her pliant figure, the little shabby garden, the moonlight—"your moral duty undoubtedly, Princess. You are not fit to reign over a turbulent State. Your subjects ask for a frugal Court, an orderly rule; and your Highness builds a new castle and subsidises Court singers, and sets the wives of Mayors and Deputies at loggerheads by headlong intrusion into their affairs."

An exclamation almost escaped the furious Charley. Said the Princess, with her first ripple of low laughter—

"And there goes Oswald, the truth-teller, in his robes of office! Thank you, my friend, for all the good advice that comes to so little. I am an incorrigible; and yet I am sure I could be a good woman if I were not a reigning Princess. . . . I built that castle to give the stonemasons work in the hard winter. I did indeed."

"When they could not lay a stone of it. Just so, Princess."

"And the Mayor's wife was—"

"Certainly, Princess. I grant it. But the whale must not swim with the minnows."

"I wish they would let me make you Chancellor," the Princess said, uttering a forlorn little sigh. "You would not let me do these foolish things, would you? Oh-h-h. . . ." She sighed again. "Promise me you will do your best with Hermann! But it is no use—no use."

"Of course I will do my best," the man said, and with that he clicked his heels, and bent very low, and bared his head, and went away with his shoulders squared. Charley admitted to himself that he had a reliable look, and he thought it possible that the Princess, who stood motionless, her head turned to watch his disappearance, was thinking the same thing.

Another woman, who had evidently been in waiting in the lower rooms of the cottage, came out into the garden, and said something in a foreign tongue, to which the Princess replied with equal unintelligibility, as far as her rustic adorer was concerned. If the maid spoke of bed she spoke to deaf ears. Her mistress waved her away and drew her shawl again round her, and began to pace, with head thrown back and pale forehead lifted to the stars, to and fro beside the hedge. Presently, with a new and rending pang, Charley perceived the tears upon her cheeks.

She saw him a few seconds later, if he had had his wits about him he could have seen that her pose must bring her to discover him. But Charley was mazed, trembling, bewildered by the pain of ineffectual sympathy, and at her start, her sharp-drawn breath of apprehension, he lost his head, and in consequence promptly lost his balance too.

He landed on her side of the hedge. Some credit may be given to blue blood that she did not scream or run or peal out hysterics. Instead, she sprang nimbly back to the grass-plot with her skirts held close to her knees, like a woman who sees a spider, and she said, in a tone of ineffable contempt—

"Prince Hermann has been readier than I thought."

"No—no—no, Ma'am! 'Tisn't—'tisn't that indeed!" gasped Charley, still upon his knees, grovelling for the hem of her dress, with his emotions (and a taste of gravel) thickening his utterance.

"You need not trouble to deny it," said the Princess, cold as an iceberg. "Really, I am quite able to bear the truth, though people do not appear to believe me when I say it."

"If you please, my Lady, it isn't the truth," insisted Charley, plucking up courage under the freezing process. "Don't you know me, please, Ma'am? I drove the geese out of your front patch yesterday morning—and you smiled at me. I'm Charles Jacob Morton, that lives next door to you. I—I saw the gentleman hanging about, and I feared for you, my Lady, and I came out to see there was no harm done. I don't know anything about any Princes. I wanted to help you; I would do anything your Ladyship pleases, to show you I'm not telling lies to you."

He was fairly blubbing, and he had not attempted to get upon his feet. The Princess bit the tip of her forefinger daintily, observing him, and there was a silence which was unbroken until she spoke again.

"Get up, then, please," she said. "I will believe you, but you must first stand up and let me look you in the face."

He scrambled to his feet, and his knees trembled. He averted his eyes from the goddess, intoxicated by the nearness of her breath, the magnetism of her presence, and yet bitterly conscious of his own manifold shortcomings, from the toes of his clumsy boots to a blotch upon his chin.

"Are you hurt?" she said. And for that woman's word alone he would have put his neck under her heels.

"Not a bit, my Lady!" stuttered Charley Morton.

"And you really thought you might be helping me?" she queried.

"Yes, my Lady."

"Oh, then you are quite forgiven!" the Princess said, and he saw the corners of her mouth go up deliciously, although he dared not look at them. The moonlight lay about him in great sheeny patches; the nightingale bubbled again; this was a land of enchantment, and Charley's gross flesh stood shivering in it, in an ecstasy of stinging pleasure.

She had crossed her hands upon her breast to hold the shawl together, and she stood at her full height, pale as a mediæval painter's Madonna. The boy's senses became astonishingly acute, just because she was within touch of him. The scent of the gorse filled his nostrils, he heard the lazy ripple of a brook away behind the pine lands; the waning stars leaned nearer and burned up brightly in the deep arch of sky.

"If you will but try me, my Lady," he said, seeing her without looking, his head downcast, his oaf's heart thumping.

"A great many people have said that," the Princess replied critically. "It usually means that they want to try me. And then, what could you do?"

Charley's hot brain had an answer framed.

"I could kill him," he said.

"Him? Who?"

"The gentleman 'at wants—that would make you—him you don't want to marry," he sighed out hoarsely, forgetting a pupil-teacher's nicety of grammar.

"Oh! All that went out of fashion in my country in the time of the great Napoleon," she said. "His emissaries overdid it; it became *bourgeois*. And alas! the gentleman has learned the art of self-defence from the best masters in Europe." Then she dropped the tone of mockery, became serious, stepped to him, and (oh, rapture!) laid a light hand upon his arm.

"The only man who could have helped me will not see the way to do it," she said sadly. "I am an eccentric, but I am still a woman, and so it was not to be said. The stars in their courses fight against me. You mean well, my child, but all that is left to you is to run away to bed, and hold your tongue. . . . There—I am going in myself. Good-night."

Her skirt trailed over the grass as she turned.

"My Lady—" whispered Charley, but she did not hear him. She went away, without another look at him, trusting him on his bare word, and with her stately forlornness unimpaired, a princess of magic night indeed.

The maid opened the door to her, and they went inside, with the grating of locks following their disappearance. Charley stood alone, his palms moist, audibly gulping, the meaning of her farewell utterance as clear to him (such is the mysterious intuition of love) as the moon's face above his mother's cottage.

He loosened the collar of his shirt to ease a feeling of suffocation. Far across country the church clock sang two. Of course, she did not guess that he understood! How could she?

"I don't believe he cares!" cried Charley in an agony. And then again—"Curse him! It doesn't matter whether he cares or whether he doesn't. He's not good enough for her—but then, no more is any other man."

He went to the hedge and crashed through it, getting a savage pleasure from the buffets of thorns, the snap of twigs against his unprotected face.

Long after that night the wild creatures of the common remembered something that smelt human, but was otherwise a whirlwind, which swept across dyke and dune, gorse tangles and the springing thickets of bracken, careless of falls and foothold, accomplishing speed beyond the power of normal man. It breathed hard; it gurgled uncouth sounds; it floundered into bogs and clattered over the intersecting roads. Finally it plunged out of a brake, and pounced upon an astonished pony, whom the finger of dawn was directing to the railway.

"Stop a minute!" puffed the apparition; and so became merely a hugely dishevelled pupil-teacher, barring the progress of a dogcart.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" was the natural inquiry of its occupant. He pulled up, however, but he lifted the whip out of its socket.

"Look here!" Charley Morton said, catching at the cob's head, "you didn't understand her. You don't know what you're doing. I was there, and I saw it. Besides, she told me afterwards. You're Oswald; and it's time you knew."

"What the deuce do you mean?" said the man over the splashboard; and he looked the heaving figure up and down.

"She said—" said Charley desperately. "She said: 'The only man who could have helped me will not see the way to do it.' That's you. It's *your* way she wants to go. Oh, begging your pardon, Sir, what makes you such a blessed fool? She'd marry you; she's waiting for just that—and not because it's a way of escape neither."

The novel, untried emotion burst its barriers. He shuffled back limply, his hands on his hips. He rocked; cackled loud laughter; and drowned it in crying. He was dimly aware that someone steered him to the bank at the roadside, seated him there, and softly plied him with questions, to be answered between his sobs. Then a nip of brandy pulled him together, and when he looked up the Princess's friend was screwing up a flask, and patting him on the shoulder.

"Pull yourself together, my lad," said the grave voice. "I may be, as you say, a fool; but I have given you the benefit of the doubt. Do you know you have run nine miles across country?"

"It's nearer ten," Charley said, still dazed.

"So it is. In that case, shall I drive you back?"

"No. I want no favours of you," said the rustic manhood of Charley. "You're going! Now?"

"Yes, now."

"To her?"

"To her."

"Thank Heaven!" said the messenger. He scrambled to his feet, and the grey beginnings of day found him pale, his eyes red, his plebeian countenance unbecomingly patched with dust and tears.

"You have my lasting gratitude," said the other man. "That is not an empty phrase."

"Confound your gratitude!" cried Charley Morton. "I don't want it. I won't have it. I want some at else, I say."

"You? . . . Oh! that's the moon," Oswald said, picking up his reins, and drawing his brows together with a flicker of grudging pity.

"Ay, it's the moon. The June moon," Charley muttered. He stood aside, and the dogcart wheeled. The little breezes of dawn puffed the gorse scent again, into his face, and he winced.

"It's all a dream, I believe," he said. "It's a dream, you know. It couldn't happen. But oh, my God, it hurts!"

THE END.



# LORD CURZON AS SPORTSMAN: THE RETURNED VICEROY ON A TIGER-HUNT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN, CALCUTTA.



1. THE GUNS CROSSING A RIVER BED.

2. THE JUNGLE FOLK KEEPING COOL AT MIDDAY.

3. TIFFIN.

4. LORD CURZON AND ONE OF HIS TROPHIES.

5. LORD CURZON AND PARTY AT THE SHIKAR, OR TIGER-HUNT.

*Names, Reading from Left to Right: Colonel Baring (Military Secretary), Major Adams, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Sir H. Farrington, Viceroy, Captain Keighley, Mr. C. R. Marindin, Captain Armstrong.*

6. THE GUNS ENTERING THE JUNGLE.

7. WAITING FOR THE TIGER.



## BOOKS ON MANY THEMES.

- The Woman with the Fan.* By Robert Hichens. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
- His Eminence.* By Lady Helen Forbes. (London: Nash. 6s.)
- Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideas.* By Walter Sichel. (London: Methuen. 12s. 6d.)
- The Essential Kafir.* By Dudley Kidd. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 18s.)
- Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances: A Study of the Ways of Birds and other Animals frequenting Indian Streets and Gardens.* By Lieut.-Colonel D. D. Cunningham, C.I.E., F.R.S. (London: Murray. 12s.)
- The Fields of France.* By Madame Mary Duclaux. (London: Chapman and Hall. 5s.)
- Adventures on the Roof of the World.* By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. (London: Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)
- England in the Mediterranean: A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits, 1603-1713.* By Julian S. Corbett. Two vols. (Longmans. 21s. net.)
- Albrecht Dürer.* By Jessie Allen. (London: Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

The woman with the fan, symbolical of much in Mr. Hichens' new novel, is a statuette of a girl holding a fan. The comment of an elderly critic upon it, in its owner's presence, is: "I see you do indeed care for beauty. . . . But—forgive me—that fan makes that statuette wicked." There is a living woman "made wicked" by adornment in the story—a Lady Holme, whose great beauty obscures the possibilities open to her soul. She holds her husband by her outward attractions; and their attachment is quite without psychical affinity. Lady Holme, it appears, conceals beneath her superficial charms a self which is a "white angel," though nothing less than the destruction of her loveliness, and her consequent abandonment by her husband, suffice to set it free. "The Woman with the Fan" is very clever, very audacious—of course—and at the same time it is not guilty of inartistic exaggeration. The woman's faith in her beauty is drawn with a skill that grips painfully when its tragic demolition rushes upon her; the sensations of the young man—the owner of the statuette—who comes to claim her after her disfigurement and is vanquished by its hideousness, are analysed with unusual brilliancy. Mr. Hichens' touch falters only when it approaches the "white angel": he is more at his ease with worldly mortals, of whose frailties his knowledge must be admitted to be profound.

Lady Helen Forbes has considerable narrative power, and her historical novel, "His Eminence," is distinctly an engrossing book. The story of the rapid rise of Cardinal d'Este, of his influence in the small independent State of Montecchiari, of the defeat of the State at the hands of Napoleon and the consequent downfall of the Cardinal, is set forth with great clearness, and one's interest in the hero deepens in spite of the rather forbidding description of his character with which the story opens: but the man who could awaken such devotion in his friends must have had good qualities. The book is well named "His Eminence," since all the interest and almost all the incident circles about Ercole d'Este; he is, in fact, the book. Properly speaking, there is no love-story; for the intrigue of the Duchess is stupid and unconvincing, and the mild passion that agitates the pure bosom of Sœur Marie Couronnée scarcely merits the title. For all that, there is something very fresh and pleasing in this picture of the lamb for once unmolested by the wolf; and one is grateful to the writer for her unconventional and somewhat unexpected attitude. Indeed, from first to last Lady Helen Forbes exercises a praiseworthy restraint. She does not blink the fact that the manners of the day were coarse, but she does not force their coarseness on her audience. The writer may fairly be said to have given us a tolerably faithful picture of life in an Italian town a hundred years ago, although we can scarcely call it a living picture.

Few things are more interesting—or, we may add, more natural—than the growth of enthusiastic curiosity about Disraeli. That curiosity will increase, we believe, with every addition to our knowledge of the extraordinary personality that seems likely to "inspire the generous youth" of later generations, as it did those of its own. At present, however, it is undoubtedly heightened by the enticing veil of mystery overhanging his career, a veil which none of his biographers so far has been able to draw aside. None of them, indeed, can be expected to do so except the writer (whoever he shall turn out to be) to whom the papers entrusted to Lord Rowton are now handed over. Any others must of necessity be content to attempt an impressionist appreciation, such as we have, for example, in Mr. Sichel's present volume. Mr. Sichel writes with knowledge and with great enthusiasm, but his material, it seems to us, has not been used to the best advantage. Brought under various heads, such as Personality, Monarchy, Colonies, Society, Literature, Career, introduced by a chapter on the Imaginative Quality, it fails somehow to leave a well-defined impression of its subject as a whole. The method adopted tends to increase, and not to lessen, the complexity of Disraeli's character. Of the value of the material itself, however, there can be no doubt. On each separate aspect of the central figure, represented under these headings, new and sometimes brilliant light is cast; and often, too, an old light, not less illuminative, is redirected upon it from Disraeli's own speeches and writings. It is impossible to indicate here the characteristics of the wonderful genius most strikingly thrown into relief by this volume; but we may say that of none of them does Mr. Sichel give ourselves a stronger impression than the consistency and the intensity, fierceness even, of Disraeli's idealism.

It is not easy to escape from the Kafir in these days of industrial crises and Johannesburg correspondents, but few have found it necessary to understand him. Mr. Dudley Kidd, whose travels seem to extend from Blantyre, north of the Zambesi, down to Cape Town, has

studied the dark-skinned men of all the intervening countries; and his book, "The Essential Kafir," is not only interesting and topical, it gives ample evidence of long and careful study. The author knows Pondoland, Basutoland, Tembuland, Gazaland, Swaziland, and many other of the countries whence the Kafir comes, and his book has nothing of the base mixture of fancy and fiction that suffices the globe-trotter. It is impossible within the limits of space at our disposal even to indicate the extent of ground covered by the author, but it may be remarked that he has no high opinion of the Kafirs. "They go through the years chatting, eating, idling, hating, loving, taking their fill of pleasure, and they leave no trace behind them." He remarks also that while the Kafir child shows intelligence and capacity for improvement up to the age of puberty, mental development seems to stop there. Owing to the sacrifice of the physically unfit, and the Spartan discipline of early life, the Kafir is a strong, healthy fellow, and is increasing at a rate that threatens South Africa with a race problem. But it does not seem unlikely that after a decade or two of wise administration, there may be some marked improvement in his moral tone, for the causes of his present degraded condition are not far to seek, and it should be possible for them to be removed or greatly modified. In these days the Kafir is the slave of the grossest superstitions: until they are eradicated his progress must be slow. No part of Mr. Kidd's work is more interesting than the chapters on general customs and folklore; for they serve to point out the chain of thought that connects the undeveloped nations of the world, and testify to the antiquity of customs that passed into the world's recognised religions and have become a part of them. "The Essential Kafir" has very many interesting illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

Colonel Cunningham, in an apology which was hardly needed, speaks of the complaints of the dullness of India so often heard among Anglo-Indians. He believes, with good grounds, that life in a tropical country can hardly be dull to people who like natural history, but we doubt whether those who are driven to natural history by sheer ennui will get much satisfaction from it. Still, there are many men who, though not naturalists, have gone birds'-nesting in tender years, and have retained something of their early tastes, and to Anglo-Indians of this temperament his book should be very acceptable. It deals entirely with the natural history of Calcutta and its suburbs, and the Londoner will read with surprise of the infinite variety of species that come within its scope. Kites, mynas, crows, pigeons, honeysuckers, bee-eaters, herons, owls, parrots, storks, vultures; monkeys, jackals, and porcupines; crocodiles, snakes, and lizards—surely the citizen of Calcutta has a natural "Zoo" under his windows. The book is chatty and not too severely scientific; but its author is an accurate observer, though we believe that on some of his fish he has not said the last word from an angler's point of view. "Some Indian Friends" is a book of the same class as the famous "Tribes on my Frontier," but it lacks the charm of that masterpiece. Some of the illustrations are very poor.

The brilliant writer known to a large circle of lovers of poetry and of modern France as Miss Mary F. Robinson has written in her latest book many delightful sketches of the country which has now become her own. It is to be hoped that many of those English readers who, when they think of France, unconsciously evolve the image of cosmopolitan Paris, will read and ponder over this book, which will show them what a great and wonderful country, nearly all of it unknown to the indefatigable British tourist, lies within a few miles of our shores. Many sides of French country life are touched on in this fascinating volume, equally interesting being Madame Duclaux's account of the writer's own home, a farm in the Cantal, and that of a manor in Touraine. Very quaintly is told the story of perhaps the most romantic couple ever sheltered by this old-world manor, which has now been inhabited for close on a thousand years. The pair lived not a hundred years ago, the hero being the son of one of Napoleon's Marshals, the lady the daughter of another renowned soldier. Their romance, says Madame Duclaux, recalls the famous old-world tale of "Eliduc; or, The Man with Two Wives." In the account of this same old house is given a very noble tribute to "that sense of charity, of social service, of solidarity of fraternity—call it what you will—the intimate feeling of our duty to our neighbour in all his troubles and trials, which is a strong moral feature in the life of France of to-day." Madame Duclaux touches on more serious ground when attempting to describe the French peasant as he was before the French Revolution and as he has been since. She has evidently made a careful study of the subject, and is inclined to think that the modern peasant is not so unlike his seventeenth and eighteenth century brother as many people believe; and she is delighted to note that nowadays "the gentlemen of France" are returning in great numbers to the land, content to live busy, simple lives on their own estates, and, what is perhaps even more worthy of note, reaping considerable profit by so doing. Those contemplating a motor or driving tour in rural France should read the charming chapter entitled "The Forests of the Oise." In these pages Madame Duclaux takes her reader from Chantilly to Senlis, with its wonderful Northern Gothic cathedral, to Coye, Compiègne, and through the pine-knolls of Villiers-Cotterets; and last, not least, she describes, as only an artist in words can do, the great woods which form a noble belt of verdure above the Seine on either side of St. Germain.

In "Adventures on the Roof of the World," Mrs. Le Blond has compiled from various sources a series of narratives calculated to illustrate the dangers of mountaineering and to emphasise the importance of the cool head and steady foot whose possession reduces those dangers to a minimum. The author, as a practised climber of many years' experience, is well qualified to

deal with her subject, and her extensive knowledge of its literature enables her to make a very representative selection of examples of the perils which mountaineers are called upon to face. These tales of adventure on the high Alps make it abundantly evident that mountaineering is a pastime suitable only for those who are total strangers to "nerves" and who boast the stamina and physical strength to undergo hardships more trying, if less prolonged, than those encountered by Arctic explorers. There are dangers such as those of scaling the almost perpendicular face of an ice-wall by cutting footholds with the axe, to surmount which successfully the mountaineer depends solely upon his own personal qualifications. The story of Messrs. Mummery, Slingsby, and Carr's dangerous climb on the Aiguille du Plan well exemplifies this order of risk: for combined sensation and heroism, "Alone on the Dent Blanche" is a tale to remember. Avalanche and storm belong to the category of risks which are practically beyond human avoidance, and these are admirably exemplified in several exciting chapters. Many good illustrations from photographs enhance the attractions of a thrilling book.

Mr. Julian Corbett established his right to be ranked as one of our leading naval historians when he gave to the world his two admirable works, "Drake and the Tudor Navy" and "The Successors of Drake," in which with a masterly hand he traced the rise of English naval supremacy. In his two new and instructive volumes, "England in the Mediterranean, 1603-1713," Mr. Corbett unfolds for us another and most important chapter of our national history. In his earlier works the author describes the development of the fleet and naval art, and deals with the naval operations under the Tudors. He shows how the conspicuous maritime feature of the sixteenth century was the transition from "galley" warfare to warfare under sail with "great ships," which was firmly established in 1588 in the war with Spain, resulting in the defeat of the Armada. His new book is in a measure a continuation of his previous ones, but in approaching the Stuart period he has deemed it wiser to restrict the field. During that period two lines of development presented themselves—"the one our struggle for maritime supremacy with the Dutch, and the other the rise of our Mediterranean power." Both exactly cover the period in question—from the death of Elizabeth in 1603 to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713—and both would serve. But there can be little doubt as to which is of the deeper and more lasting interest." The struggle with the Dutch, in Mr. Corbett's opinion, hard as it was and important as its consequences were, was, after all, but an episode in our naval history; but "in the Mediterranean, on the other hand," he tells us, "we have to deal with a question that is always open, with history that we are living to-day, and with conditions which continued and remain the most vital preoccupation of the higher naval strategy." The rise of England as a Mediterranean power and the establishment of that power is one of the great facts of the seventeenth century. It was only rendered possible by the remarkable transition in the previous century from oars to sails, with the substitution of the ocean-keeping broadside-ship for the galley in naval warfare; and although at the time it may not have been the result of a deliberately conceived policy, yet, once started, England's bid for the domination of the Mediterranean was never got rid of, became an abiding fact, and brought about a change, undreamed of at the time, in the balance of European power. For a knowledge of the striking events which marked the rise of our power in the Mediterranean between the death of Elizabeth and the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht, readers must go to Mr. Corbett's two fascinating volumes for themselves, and the study will richly repay them. How Tangier came into our hands, and how, after hideous mismanagement, it was allowed to go; how Gibraltar eventually passed into the possession of the British Crown, and how that greatest achievement of British naval strategy must be added to the unsurpassed lustre of Marlborough's military renown—the whole story is clearly unfolded by Mr. Corbett. The establishment of British power in the Mediterranean is the dominating political fact of the seventeenth century, and its maintenance the main guarantee of the stability of the European system to-day—a vital truth which has been recognised by the general and lasting acquiescence of Europe in the situation which the Peace of Utrecht founded within the Straits.

Miss Allen's "Albrecht Dürer" is the story of a citizen of no mean city. The imperial cities of the world are three—Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome; but there are others, a whole company of towns, only second to these—Venice, Florence, London, Paris, Moscow, Edinburgh, Oxford, Alexandria, Mexico, Nuremberg. No such collection of names would be long enough that did not include this last-named city, the Teutonic Gothic city in which the genius of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had its Transalpine home. Miss Allen accordingly begins her brief study of the German master by a sketch of the art, commerce, laws, and religion of his city. She notes that the citizens there, when they abolished the ritual of the Catholic Church, did not think it necessary to destroy its accessories in architecture, and to this singular moderation we owe much of the "picturesqueness" of the place. For that picturesqueness is, of course, of older date than Dürer's. It belongs to the old order, to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The arts of architecture and of line, or colour are at odds as to their periods; the one was dying when the other was born, and with architecture was that art of architectural sculpture in which Germany was so rich. Miss Allen tells, necessarily briefly, the story of a life that has been studied at length; and her book is fully illustrated. It is perhaps worth noting that the titles of the great panels (now at Munich), which were the last of Dürer's important paintings, are wrongly given in the underlines.



THE SACRED COLLEGE, NOW AT VARIANCE WITH FRANCE.

FROM A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



PIUS X. SURROUNDED BY THE CARDINALS, CELEBRATING HIS FIRST PAPAL MASS IN THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER.





THE KING AND HIS GUNNERS:—THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT OF 1904, ILLUSTRATING THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



"AN INTERESTING AFRIC POTENTATE": OUR VISITOR, THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA.

DRAWINGS BY G. MONBARD; PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. LITTLETON-TURNER, F.R.C.I.



1. CAVE-DWELLERS OF ABEOKUTA.

2. A TYPICAL MARKET IN ABEOKUTA.

3. THE ALAKE AND HIS COURT UNDER THE GREAT STATE UMBRELLA.

*On the Alake's right is the Oluzun, one of the Chief Councillors; on the left, with the horned cap, is the Prime Minister. The gentleman in European costume is Prince Ademola, a relation of the Alake's.*

4. A GENERAL VIEW OF ABEOKUTA. THERE ARE 150,000 INHABITANTS, AND THE TOWN MEASURES EIGHT MILES BY FIVE.

5. A HUGE ROCK IN THE FACE OF ONE OF THE HILLS ON WHICH THE TOWN OF ABEOKUTA IS BUILT.



THE OPPONENTS IN MANCHURIA: THE RUSSIAN LEADER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE FAR EAST.

*General Kuropatkin was formally appointed to the command of the Russian army in the Far East on February 19. He is the most distinguished and capable soldier the Czar possesses, and owes his training to Skobelev. He is said to have much of that great General's power over men, and he possesses the Skobelev eye. Before taking up his present appointment, General Kuropatkin had been head of the Military Administration since 1898. In a parting address to his General, the Czar recalled Kuropatkin's energy and assiduity in reorganising and perfecting the army.*



# THE OPPONENTS IN MANCHURIA: THE JAPANESE LEADER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



BARON KUROKI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY.

*Baron Kuroki, commanding the First Japanese Army, is renowned as an organiser and as a fighter, qualities which he proved in the victory of Kiu-lien-cheng on May Day, and in the masterly movements by which he has isolated Port Arthur and rendered General Kuropatkin's position in Manchuria one of extreme difficulty. Kuroki saw service during the Chino-Japanese War in 1894. At first he superintended the mobilisation; he then went to the front and was present at the storming of Wei-hai-Wei. The Japanese soldiers are devoted to their Commander-in-Chief, who, although sixty-two, has all the energy of a young man.*



OUR WEST AFRICAN VISITOR: THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA VISITING THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, MAY 25.

*The Alake, whose territory borders upon Lagos, has been brought to this country by Sir William Macgregor. King Edward received the Alake on May 30. During his visit to the Zoological Gardens, his Highness wore a magnificent head-dress of turquoise beads. His other ornaments were heavy silver rings, a thick coral bracelet on the right wrist, and a massive silver bracelet on the left. He carried a finely wrought dagger, which appeared to be a symbol of office.*







## NOTES WORTH NOTICING.

## For Stout Readers Only.

1. No physical condition is so distressing as abnormal stoutness, especially when accompanied, as it generally is, by weakness, depression, and indifferent health.

2. Stout persons without number have seriously jeopardised health and become debilitated through the rash means they have employed to regain a good figure. The remedies (so called) which they have used have perhaps involved a famine diet, sweating, and drugging with poisonous minerals. These are worse than useless; for if they have the effect of temporarily reducing weight, it is only by a wasting, injurious process.

3. When the constitution is not ruined by such drastic methods, the fat will always develop anew as soon as they are abandoned.

4. It is the worst thing possible to try and continue such methods for any lengthy period. The consequences are very much worse than the disease.

5. What is required is a remedy that will increase strength and nerve-force all the time it is absorbing and eliminating the superfluous and diseased fatty deposits from the system.

6. The dangerous fatty layers that cling to the vital organs—the heart and liver—and impede their action must be got rid of for the sake of health, and the excessive subcutaneous fat must be dispersed for the sake of comeliness.

7. "Antipon," the great permanent cure for corpulence, performs this duty with absolute certainty, and at the same time, by its grand tonic action, rapidly reinvigorates the whole system.

8. "Antipon" acts with marvellous rapidity. Within the first day and night of taking it "Antipon" will effect a reduction amounting to 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to circumstances. Then day by day there is a sure and steady loss of weight until correct proportions and normal weight call for the cessation of the doses.

9. There need be no apprehension lest the fat should reaccumulate. Ordinary prudence will maintain the perfect conditions of health and symmetry reacquired by this admirable remedy.

10. "Antipon" improves the appetite and promotes digestion, and the extra food taken, which must be of the

wholesome quality, is naturally the source of increased strength and vitality.

11. "Antipon" is entirely harmless, and would not hurt an infant. It is of agreeable flavour and appearance (like a rich red wine), and contains nothing of a mineral nature.

12. "Antipon" is sold by chemists, stores, etc., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, should difficulties arise, may be had (on remitting price) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

## WARM PRAISE FROM THE PRESS.

*The Lady's Pictorial.*

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat-absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

*The Sketch.*

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

"'Antipon,' to which warm praise has been given by medical authorities, reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. 'Antipon' may be regarded as a very beneficent discovery."

*Methodist Recorder.*

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

*Penny Illustrated Paper.*

"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

## AN ECLIPSING RECORD OF FAT-REDUCTION.

**"Antipon's" Supreme and Permanent Power.**

By this time the English-speaking world has become fairly familiar with the word "Antipon," as representing the most marvellously successful remedy for the permanent cure of obesity that has ever been discovered. The testimony which has already been published in the Press and elsewhere is of a sufficiently remarkable character, but the letter recently addressed by an Anglo-Indian lady to the Army and Navy Stores of Bombay, and forwarded to the "Antipon" Company by Mr. W. John Dien, Manager of the Bombay branch of the Army and Navy Society, Ltd., eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat-reduction. We herewith quote this striking letter—

"22nd February, 1904.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"DEAR SIR,—Please send me a larger bottle of 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½ lb.), for I am only 184½ lb. I can now take a mile walk with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its

POWER OF REDUCING GRACEFULLY,

for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

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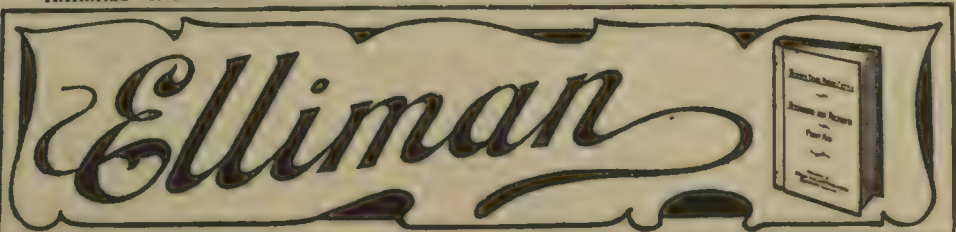
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## LADIES' PAGE.

It would be almost worth while to go to the St. Louis Exhibition on purpose to see the authentic portrait of the Dowager-Empress of China which has been placed there, having been executed especially for the Exhibition by an American lady, Miss Kate Carl, from sittings given by the Empress, at the request of the United States Ambassador at Peking. Never has there been a career so wonderful as this ruler's, not even that of Catherine of Russia, the next most remarkable woman Sovereign in



A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK IN SPOTTED MUSLIN.

history. It is a mistake, too, if anyone supposes that mere opposition to change has maintained the Empress-Dowager in supreme power so long in a country where women are held to be incapable of most, even small things. In the *Lady Pictorial* for May 28 there is a photograph of the Dowager-Empress's motor-car, which assuredly is an "up-to-date" innovation of magnitude! It is historic fact that she patronised and encouraged the first introduction of railways into China; then her recent edict against the foot-binding of the girls of China, which has been placarded in every town of the land, was really a valuable and almost revolutionary step on her part. Encouraged by her action, some of the Viceroy's have since taken very active steps against foot-binding. One of them, the Viceroy of Chih-li, has unbound his own daughters' feet, and also has written and published a pamphlet condemning the practice, of which fifty thousand copies have been circulated. It seems that even to make the portrait of the Empress is an innovation, and caused a sensation at the Chinese Court. In order to reconcile the people to the idea, the canvas was escorted with regal honours to the vessel.

Nothing could be devised to deprave the physique of a nation more effectually than the foot-binding of its women. Though some of the poor women thus mutilated even work in the fields, kneeling all the time because they cannot stand, it is only necessity that drives them to undertake any exertion; and the Chinese homes are dirty and the children ill-cared-for because of this mutilation of the wife and mother. One reason why the Japanese have so rapidly proved themselves superior to their near neighbours is that Japan not only has never followed so mischievous a practice, but, on the contrary, its dainty little women have been encouraged to learn and practise physical exercises of a remarkable kind. The Japanese have a system, called "Jiu-Jitsu," for the development of the physical powers, which Western observers state is admirable in its results. It was formerly taught only to the ruling and fighting noble caste, but is now allowed to be learned by all. There are hundreds of schools in the Japanese Empire where men and women learn by this method how to develop their muscles, and it is declared that the women are found to become almost as strong as the men. There are, happily, many women's gymnastic clubs and classes among ourselves: only a few days ago I witnessed an admirable display given by Miss

Daisy Stempel's class of graceful girls at Mrs. Humphry Ward's "settlement" in Bloomsbury; but the Japanese system, by authentic accounts, is superior.

The Countess of Aberdeen acted as hostess at the reception held at Portman Rooms on May 30, "to meet the delegates to the Women's Liberal Federation." With Lady Aberdeen was her usual companion, her daughter, Lady Marjorie Hamilton Gordon, receiving many congratulations on her engagement to Captain Sinclair. She is a handsome, very tall girl, and has, under the guidance of her good, wise, and original-minded mother, taken a share in philanthropic and intellectual enterprises from her childhood upwards. Following the example of the late Queen (whose children's cottage is still to be seen at Osborne), Lady Aberdeen gave Lady Marjorie as a young girl a tiny cottage where she could practise cookery and ask her friends to partake of luncheon or afternoon tea and cakes prepared by herself and her brothers. The little girl also managed a small periodical for children, and was president for Scotland of an association of girls of the upper classes joined for works of benevolence. Altogether, the young bride in prospective has had an exceptionally interesting training, the good results of which will doubtless be long a benefit to others.

"Things" are so pretty at present! Delightful frocks in more or less pronounced "Early Victorian" styles are quite the mode: they are made in the materials that suit the fashion. Glacé silk gives the idea that is characteristic of the mode; but modifications of the material, with less stiffness and greater suppleness, are offered under various fanciful names—Messaline silk, taffetas-mousseline, Louisine; and so forth—and it is such materials, with a *soupeçon* of stiffness about them, that form most suitably the ornate and "frilly" robes with the latest charm of style. Three flounces, from the waist to the wide edge of the skirt, well fulled on to the foundation, and each headed by a wide closely gauged band of material, is one style eminently proper for such a skirt. In another delightful gown, the material of which was slate-blue taffetas-mousseline, with a very tiny check on it, produced by a series of pin-spotted lines of the same tint, there were two deep flounces from the knee downward, to the foot of the gown, each edged with a line of lace. At the top the skirt was gauged into the figure on either hip, leaving a flat front down to where the flounces began. As regarded the corsage, it had a pelerine effect; there was a band of the same silk cut on the cross round the waist, and into it a fichu folded prettily and edged with lace was put, while the centre vest was dainty white accordion-pleated mousseline, over which three bands of the silk were drawn and held by big and beautiful buttons of carved jade. Gaugings all round the top and four full flounces at the bottom distinguished another skirt made of shot green and pink taffetas; here, the silk made a full frill or collar over the shoulders, and this was trimmed, as was also the middle portion of the skirt, with wreaths formed out of gathered strips of the silk stitched on in circular patterns by a line of machining going right through the midst of the double frills. Fringe also adorns many of these up-to-date confections very effectively. Fichus of embroidered lawn or soft muslin are frequently seen on the bodices in preference to the rather more stiff draperies of silk. Some of these collars and fichus are genuine old possessions.

Simplicity marks our designs illustrated this week, combined with original points to give them style. The garden-party frock is built in white muslin covered with spots of diversified size; and bands of embroidered muslin hold down the pleats of the skirt and form a yoke on the bodice. Spots, as I have previously mentioned, are in high favour, in all sizes and variety imaginable. The latest idea is a velvet pastille of some bright colour, mysteriously applied to the muslin foundation all over, and the design given would obviously make up well in that novel fabric. The picturesque falling veil thrown over the hat could then be of the same material, as it is a sheer and delicate muslin that is bespotted with the velvet dabs, and can be used for a veiling suitably enough. The other gown depicted would be equally well made up in a dainty mercerised cotton or in one of the numerous fancy fabrics of the hour. The model sketched was of a thin silk and wool material, a blue ground with a white check line upon it; and the bands of trimming were of plain white cloth; but any colour could be employed.

Ever ready with the artistic workmanship for meeting fashion's latest fancies, the Parisian Diamond Company are showing a charming selection of jewellery and ornaments for the decoration of day and evening toilettes alike. A string of pearls is the most effective of finishes. Nothing looks better, whether it be along the top of a lace collar by day or encircling a white throat in full dress. The combination of enamel and gem-work is the foundation of several new and excellent designs. There is a lovely butterfly in a rich red enamel and diamonds, for instance; and a green enamel and diamond, ruby, and emerald dragon-fly; a delicate green enamel leaf set in the midst of a coil of diamonds is another ornament much to be desired. Jewelled combs and fancy slides for the hair are necessities of the coiffure at present, and these are shown in great variety and beauty at any one of the company's places, which are in Regent Street, immediately opposite Liberty's, and at 85, New Bond Street, a couple of doors out of Oxford Street, and also at 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade.

As a part of the pleasure of a holiday is in the anticipation, those who wish to enjoy the full flavour of it take care to think in good time where they will go when the happy moment comes at which for a while the burden of monotonous duty in Parliament, the Courts, the consulting-room, or the housekeeper's tasks is lifted off the weary shoulders. Every year the world grows smaller, in the sense that every portion of it becomes more cheaply and easily accessible; but many who have it "all before them where to choose" continue to prefer Switzerland for a summer holiday to anywhere else; and whatever part of Switzerland may be the ultimate destination of the tourist, he is almost sure to find himself at Lucerne as a starting-point. Nor, indeed, is he to be at all pitied if a stay on the borders of that delightful lake comprise his whole Swiss holiday. There is a particularly restful influence about Lucerne. The soft, pale-green waters, the mountains, not too obtrusive and not too stern, and yet sufficiently impressive, the readiness with which short excursions can be made to one delightful spot after another, all combine to make Lucerne an enjoyable centre. Perhaps partly as a consequence and partly, too, as a cause of this popularity, the most famous hotel in all Switzerland is to be found there. Who, even among the untravelled, has not yet heard of the famous Schweizerhof? Facing the lake at one of the prettiest and most convenient points, it has everything to recommend it within and without alike. The Swiss are noted as *maitres d'hôtel*, and among the excellent hotel managements that of the Schweizerhof stands pre-eminent. This fine hotel's staff is as well organised as an army ought to be, and it is as delightfully furnished as a palace can be; and lucky are the people who spend a pleasant time in that charming establishment on the borders of the Lake of the Three Cantons. The society there is so good, too—everybody "who is anybody" goes there from time to time.

At the recent food and cookery exhibition, the Lord Mayor and his party, including Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and the Chinese Ambassador and his wife, made a long stop at the stall on which were shown Messrs. Chivers and Sons' goods, the greatest interest



A SIMPLE GOWN FOR THE SEASON.

being taken in the Cambridge Lemonade made by that firm. While excessive drinking is deplored on every hand, temperance people are apt to forget that some refreshing beverage is needed in hot weather. Cambridge Lemonade is prepared from fresh lemons alone, and is therefore a cooling and healthful drink. After a series of careful tests, the jurors awarded the gold medal to this article, which appeared for the first time at this exhibition.

There seems to be quite a plague of biting insects—gnats and mosquitoes—just now. If this continues, boating parties, garden fêtes, and out-door amusements generally will be to a large extent marred. Various preventives have been tried, but the one which seems to have found favour is Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Residents in hot climates have found it invaluable for keeping away insects.

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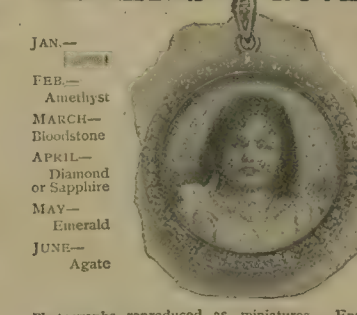
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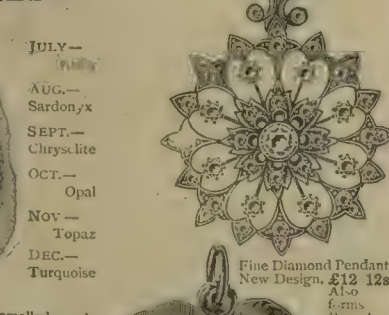
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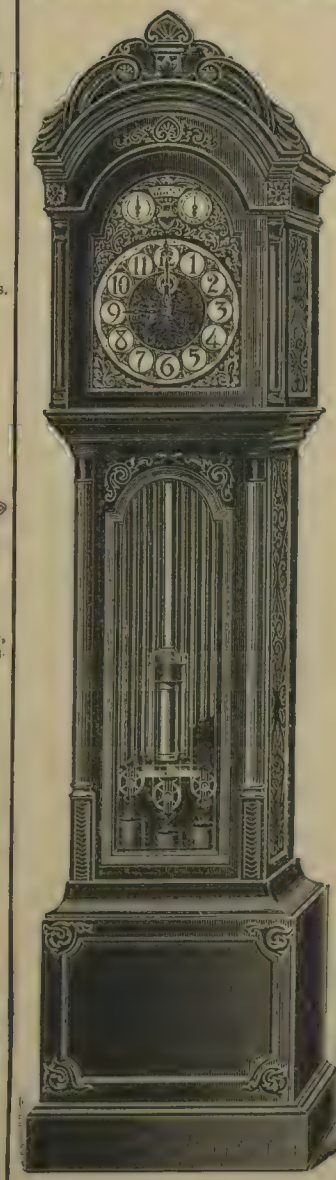


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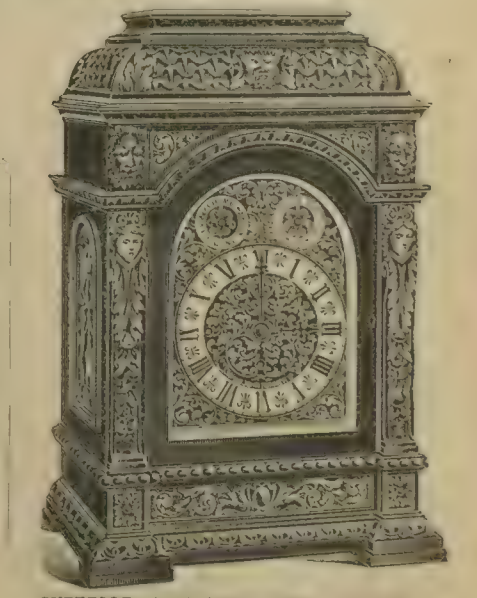
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## ART NOTES.

The work of Wilhelm Funk has hitherto been known mainly by its eccentricity. It is an all-unkind fate common to pictures and persons—to be known by an oddity rather than by a solid characteristic—a man by his squint, a Bible by its misprint, a lecture of Emerson's by the creaking of the lecturer's boots. The exhibition of Herr Funk's pictures at the Doré Gallery in New Bond Street must, however, rid him from that inadequacy of appreciation, quite as whimsical in its way as his own handiwork was found to be by frequenters of the New Gallery in past years. The Egyptian nightmare is no more. In its place we have men and women in their daily habit, and landscape watered by fresh streams and swept by sweet breezes. The work that sometimes seemed to suggest possession by evil or uncanny spirits has given place to canvases which are full, in truth, of another sort of possession—the self-possession of a master of technique.

Herr Funk's portrait of Mr. Charles Griffith deserves its priority. It comes first on the list, and certainly nothing could well surpass it in excellence of modelling or in ease of composition. In the relative attention paid to the face and to the rest of the person—to the skin and to the clothes—Herr Funk has the appreciation of Mr. Sargent, whom he approaches also in the vitality of his presentation. From the first surprise of this portrait we pass at once to another that is equally agreeable. It is supplied to us by the unexpected light and sweetness portrayed in the canvas, labelled "Countess Fabbriotti (née Miss Roosevelt - Scovel)." The first-named portrait—that of an amateur Bismarck in face and physique—seemed exactly fitted to the

brushwork given to it; but in the portrait of the lady is the delight of an equal fitness. The face is feminine and fresh to the life; and the drapery has a softness and flow rarely achieved in paint. Again, the sketch of Mrs. Brown Potter and the group of two peasant girls in "After the Day is Done" are equally true interpretations of temperaments and faces far apart.

will far better appreciate his own present importance, as well as the likelihood that his pictures will last, by avoiding any stroke of his brush to-day that will give him a twinge to-morrow. He has abandoned the occult in subject; let him equally avoid the suspicion of a reaction towards sensationalism and the obvious in his interpretation of men and women.

Mr. Nico Jungmann has brought together at the Leicester Galleries the attractive collection of the pictures of Holland which are otherwise to be seen reproduced in colour-printing in a book. The artist is in every sense at home with his subjects. Dutch colouring suits his palette, and Dutch simplicity his temperament. "Batavian grace" we have heard of in irony, even as of "Dutch courage"; and if grace were a necessity to a picture that is to please, then in Mr. Jungmann's records of ungainliness no pleasure would be given. Beauty of line must yield to historical accuracy; and the figures of man, woman, and child in modern Dutch art—it was not thus of old—give to the artist examples of the quaint rather than of the elegant. The fault of Dutch models would seem to be that they wear—and not that they ask—too much. They are bundles rather than anatomical figures. The collection includes many people and many incidents—it

is a varied and entertaining record of Dutch daily life: Harbours and churches and mills—all the familiar figures are here set down by a deft hand loyal to the impressions of shrewdly observing eyes.

Also at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. A. E. Emslie is showing his water-colour drawings of "Japan and its People." These were made during the progress of a



A "HATOBA," OR LANDING-PLACE, FOR THE DEBARKATION OF JAPANESE INFANTRY AT CHINNAMPO.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.

It is not wonderful that Herr Funk should have less lucky moods than these. Cleverness is to be found in all his portraits; but here and there the paint seems to predominate over the personality, or, as in No. 8, we get the portrait of a lady of too-challenging mien. Possibly it was the brush, and not the sitter, that had the temptation to a momentary swagger. Herr Funk

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in the mouth, so that the Odol may be absorbed by the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth; the whole process to be concluded by gargling with the mixture. This should be repeated

every night and morning, also, if possible, after dinner, but most particularly before retiring to rest.

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walking tour which lasted for three months, and which proved incidentally the superiority of the native sandal over the British boot. Another discovery of the artist's was that the native food, on which he subsisted, was designed to satisfy hunger rather than to please the palate. "Native dishes are not prepared to stimulate the appetite, and are none the less wholesome on that account," says Mr. Strange in the little note of commendation printed as a preface to the catalogue of Mr. Emslie's drawings.

The exhibition of Irish pictures which the Guildhall supplies revives the oft-made generality that no great artist has been an Irishman. The reproach does not carry with it any more than a most transitory significance. England, with its far larger population to draw upon, had no first-class painter until the last century and a half of its history. Heredity and environment go to the making of artists as of all else; and in Ireland there are particulars in which the environment has been utterly at fault. It is true that such names as Mulready and Maclise and Martin Archer Shee do not take us far; but the line of racial division cannot be deeply drawn between two countries of close intercourse and much intermarrying. Reynolds and Gainsborough may easily have inherited from great-grandmothers a Celtic strain such as that which is sometimes credited to the greatest of living Academicians. W. M.

*Land and Water* has marked its two thousandth issue with an admirable celebration number, on which—and on the occasion we congratulate our illustrated contemporary.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the last monthly meeting of the S.P.G., Bishop Montgomery pointed out with satisfaction that the Japanese Government had given instructions that all interpreters to English and other foreign war

Bishop Ridley contributes to the *Gleaner* for June some interesting notes on his visit to Japan. He describes Tokio as "the centre and heart of the East. We call it the 'old world,' but it has the vitality of youth." The venerable Bishop warns

his readers that if Christendom ceases to expand it is doomed. "To entrench ourselves, and calmly await the impact of non-Christian forces, is to foster decay, and finally to be absorbed by those forces, already in our very midst."

Dr. Mather, Bishop of Antigua, has been obliged to resign on account of ill-health. His doctors have forbidden him to return to the West Indies. Out of the seven bishoprics in the province, three—those of Nassau, Trinidad, and Antigua—are now vacant.

The Rev. H. R. Gamble, the very successful Rector of Upper Chelsea, has published a timely protest against the custom of devoting special Sundays to many different philanthropic and religious societies. We have already, he points out, "Temperance Sunday," "Peace Sunday," "Kindness Sunday," "Citizen Sunday," "Bible Sunday," "Sunday Sunday," etc. Now the clergy have been asked to introduce a "Cobden Sunday." To agree to keep Cobden Sunday would mean a sermon on Free Trade, and very few clergy-

men would care to bring so controversial a subject into the pulpit.

Canon Scott Holland, who was unable to be present at the annual meeting of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, sent an amusing and characteristic letter, which was read by Father Russell, of St. Albans, Holborn. Canon Holland wrote from the country



MODERN JAPAN: THE "GINZA," THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF TOKIO.

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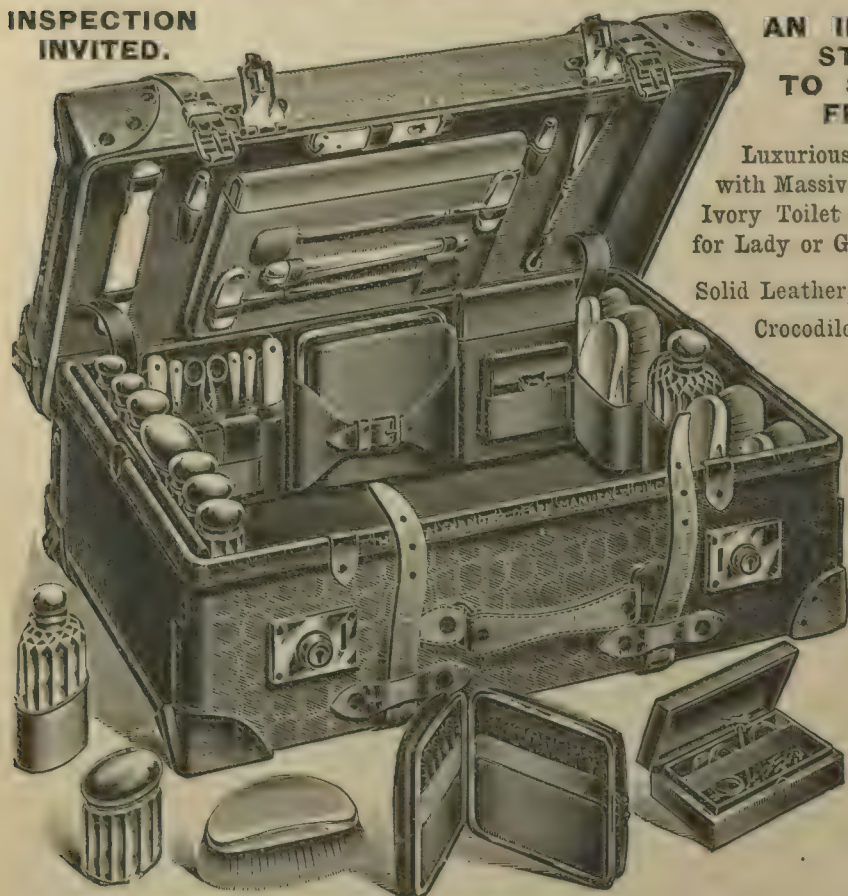
correspondents with their armies must be Christian. The order had been given because the Government desired to procure the most trustworthy men for the foreign visitors—the men of the highest principle and rectitude. The secretary also mentioned that the Bishop of Pretoria had written asking advice as to the best way of doing missionary work among the Chinese in South Africa.

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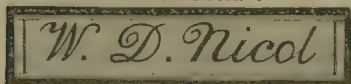
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seclusion where he is regaining health and strength that he was "at last getting on capitally."

Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, New Zealand, has been suffering from ill-health, and is expected in England about the middle of July.

The Bishop of St. Albans takes rather a depressing view of the religious condition of those immense working-class suburbs which are growing up in London-over-the-Border. In a recent sermon in St. Albans Cathedral, Dr. Jacob said he could not honestly say that the people, as a whole, manifested a desire for the things of grace. The building of churches and mission-halls among them was not, in itself, of much use. It is the living witness which is before all things necessary.

The Bishop of Rochester has left London for a short rest before he resumes work. His doctors wish him to avoid all serious physical fatigue until his strength is completely restored.

The event of the week for Lancashire Nonconformists was the return of Dr. Charles F. Aked to his pulpit in Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool. He has been absent for nearly fifteen months owing to serious illness, but has made an astonishing recovery. He speaks enthusiastically of the cure at Davos, where he has been living in the open air all day and practically at night also. He says his recovery has cost him £1000, and that the cure of consumption is now almost entirely a question of money. Patients must live for a year at least in pure air, with absolute rest for body and mind.



THE MANCHESTER CUP, 1904.

## THE MANCHESTER CUP, 1904.

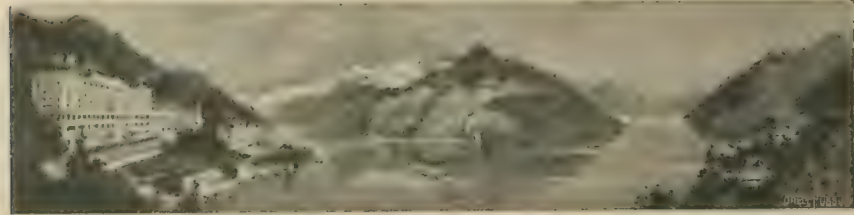
The design of the silver trophy for the Manchester Cup Race is of a striking character. The artist has adopted an unusual form, but the effect is harmonious. The most prominent feature of the trophy is the group which surmounts the cover. It is symbolic of the event for which the cup is the prize, the idea being to represent in allegorical shape the exciting nature of the "Sport of Kings." The winged horse typifies the speed of the racehorse, and the rider is endeavouring to pluck the laurel from the hand of Victory. On the body of the cup an actual race is represented in relief. The whole effect is enhanced by the Arms of the City of Manchester in enamel, the one bit of colouring on the piece. The design, quite unlike all previous Manchester Cups, marks an epoch in the history of this famous race. Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Manchester, were entrusted with the work.

The Duke of Argyll will preside at the festival dinner of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children on Monday, June 20, in the new rooms at the Savoy Hotel.

For the comfort and convenience of passengers travelling to Denmark and Scandinavia by the United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen's Royal Danish Mail Steamers, via Harwich and Esbjerg, the Great Eastern Railway Company has made arrangements with the Danish State Railway to run sleeping-cars from Esbjerg to Copenhagen. The service commences on June 4.

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## MUSIC.

On May 28 Mr. John Dunn gave a concert at the St. James's Hall which was announced as a Paganini Recital. It was a very clever display of technique that attacked and overcame extraordinary difficulties of execution; but it was not otherwise very interesting as a performance. Mr. Dunn played Paganini's Concertos, one in E flat major and one in B minor. He also gave Paganini's Variations on an air from Rossini's opera "Tancredi," "I tanti palpiti," which was said to have been derived from a Greek Litany the composer heard chanted in one of the islets of the Lagoon at Venice. This was followed by Variations on the final rondo in "La Cenerentola," "Non piu mesta," produced at Rome in the Carnival season of 1817. It is a beautiful movement, and bristles with amazingly difficult passages in harmonics, pizzicato, and chord-playing. The concert ended with the most complicated work of Paganini, his Variations on "God Save the King," which was said to have exhausted all the possibilities of the violin.

On the same day Herr Otto Voss gave a pianoforte recital at the Queen's Hall, in which he played with marked brilliancy and charm of expression the "Carnaval" of Schumann, a sonata of Beethoven, a chromatic fantasia and fugue of Bach, and the sonata that includes the "Funeral March" of Chopin. Herr

Voss is a very young American pianist who shows marked vigour and taste. He should make a considerable name for himself in the artistic world.

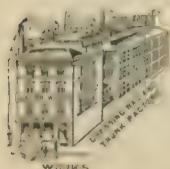
It is a disappointment that Mr. Charles Manners has not won a greater financial success from his remarkably good opening week of English opera at Drury Lane. His orchestra, chorus, principals, and general management are excellent, and his prices are as moderate as those of Continental theatres. It would seem that the opera is more a question of fashion than of true musical taste; but still, there must be hundreds of people in London alone who cannot afford the heavier prices at Covent Garden, but who enjoy a good opera well put on. The artistic success of last week came on Wednesday, May 25, when Mr. Manners gave Halévy's opera, "The Jewess." Herr Eckhold conducted, and the singers and orchestra were alike excellent.—M. I. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax-Muckley have been exhibiting at 18, Holland Street, Kensington, specimens of enamels, of metal-work with gems, of embroidery in silks, and of other achievements in crafts and design. Ornaments for the "House Beautiful" or for the "Body Beautiful" have received equal care from these artificers, who may justly boast that they have a hand—or a couple of hands, and very expert ones—in the great English revival of decorative art.

## WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated April 23, 1895), with a codicil (dated Aug. 25, 1896), of Mr. Edward Coward, of Heatherlea, Bowdon, Chester, and Heaton Mersey, Lancashire, who died on April 10, has been proved by Edward Coward, Joseph Watson Sidebotham, James Boyd, and John Broadfield Parkinson, the gross value of the estate amounting to £441,974. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his children; £200 each to his executors; and the household furniture, etc., to his unmarried daughters. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children.

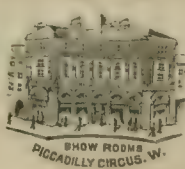
The will (date June 19, 1894), with a codicil (of Oct. 25, 1900), of Mr. Charles Neck, of 99, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, was proved on May 16 by Francis Neck, the brother, Charles Thomas Fraser Churchill, Henry Herbert Gordon Clark, and Charles Stanley Gordon Clark, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £168,491. The testator gives £500 to his wife; £100 each to his executors; £100 to his brother John Frederick; £500 to his brother Frank; and £100 to his sister Clara Isabella Bishop. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or an annuity of £2300 should she again marry, and, subject thereto, for his children, the share of



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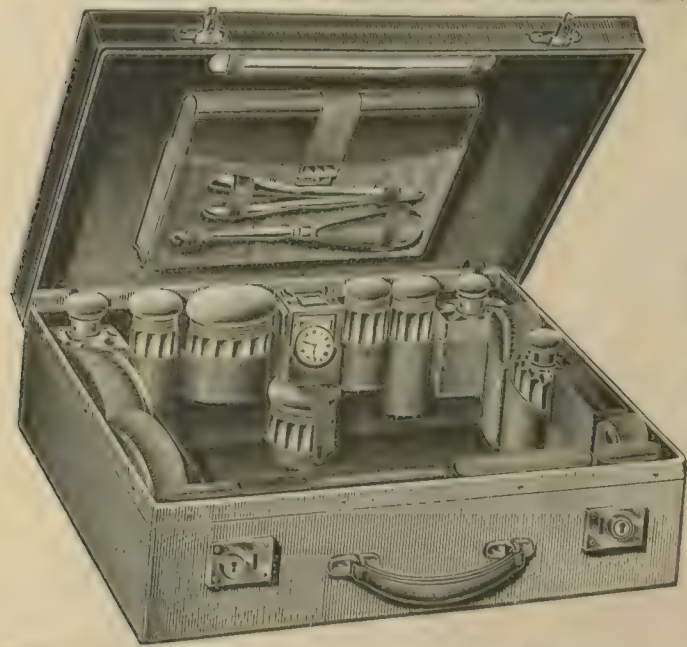
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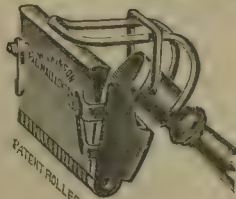


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each son to be three times as much as that of each daughter.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1899) of Mr. George Rainy Young, of Broadwater Place, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on March 7, was proved on May 16 by Jasper Muirhead Wood, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £96,625. The testator gives £5000 and an annuity of £350 to his brother, Peter Duncan Young; an annuity of £350 to his sister, Janet Anne Young; and £100 to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 16, 1903) of Miss Gertrude Louisa Murray, of Wimbledon Lodge, Wimbledon Common, who died on March 26, was proved on May 17 by Earl Cathcart, Charles Archibald Murray, and Charles John Mander, the value of the estate being £84,706. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Wimbledon Endowed Almshouses, and towards the completion of St. John the Baptist Church at Spencer Hill; £500 each to the Wimbledon Cottage Hospital, the British Female Orphan Asylum (Devonport), and the School for Daughters of Officers in the Army (Bath); £1000 each to Mrs. Muriel Capel Cure, Basil Oxenden, and Gwendoline Oxenden; £5000 each to the Ladies Cecilia, Marion, Emily, and Eva, the daughters

of Earl Cathcart; £20,000 to her cousin the Hon. Emily Sarah Cathcart; £20,000 to her cousin Anne Cathcart; £500 to Charles John Mander; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to the Hon. Emily Sarah Cathcart.

The will (dated June 13, 1901), with a codicil (of Oct. 25 following), of the Rev. Jenner Marshall, M.A., of Westcott Barton Manor, Oxfordshire, who died on April 27, was proved on May 26 by Jenner Guest Marshall and Francis Eden Marshall, the sons, the value of the estate being £35,993. The testator gives certain lands and premises to his two sons; the Radford estate and his shares in the Royal Exchange Assurance Company to his son Francis Eden; £1000 to his wife; £1500 stock to his son Jenner Guest; £200 each to his daughters Emily Stothert, Mary Ann, and Alice Susanna, and £2000 stock, in trust, for each of them; £50 per annum to his daughter Emily Stothert during the life of her mother; and £50 to Eliza Felicia Burton. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1904) of the Rev. Sir Edward Graham Moon, Bart., of Fetcham, Surrey, who died on Feb. 21, was proved on May 14 by Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis Sidney Graham Moon, Bart., Major Wilfred

Graham Moon, and the Rev. Cecil Graham Moon, the sons, and Dame Ellen Moon, the widow, the value of the estate being £21,163. He gives the household furniture and the use of his plate to his wife; £3000 to his daughter Ellen Gertrude Barnard Hankey; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half thereof to his son Sir Francis, and the remaining half to his other children, these bequests to be in addition to the provisions made for them in his lifetime.

The Scotch Confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire of the trust disposition and settlement (dated May 27, 1901) of Edmund Alfred Rollo George Hay, Viscount Dupplin, of 8, Denmark Terrace, Brighton, who died on May 30, granted to Viscountess Dupplin, the widow, Louis Oppenheim, Francis Hay Lockhart Thompson, and Miss Janthe Harley-Bacon, has been rescinded in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £4336.

Letters of administration of the effects of Diana Elizabeth Matilda, Dowager Countess of Harewood, of Smeaton Manor, Northallerton, who died on March 4 intestate, have been granted to the Hon. Daniel Henry Lascelles, the son and one of the next of kin, the value of the property being £2617.

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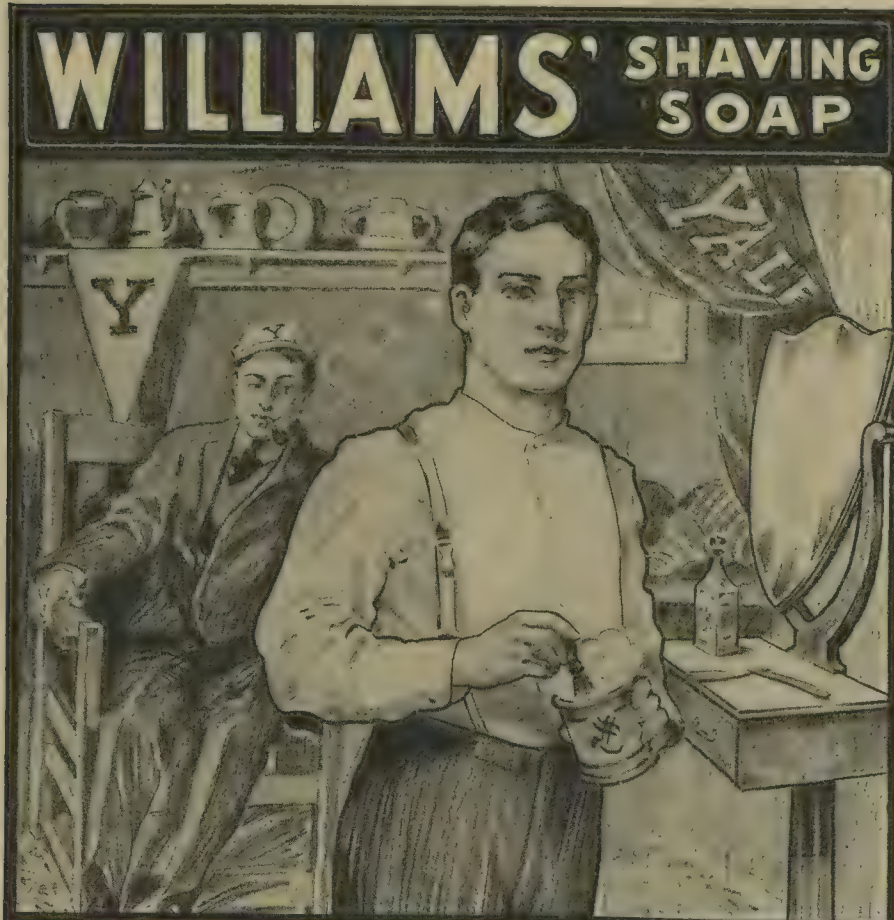
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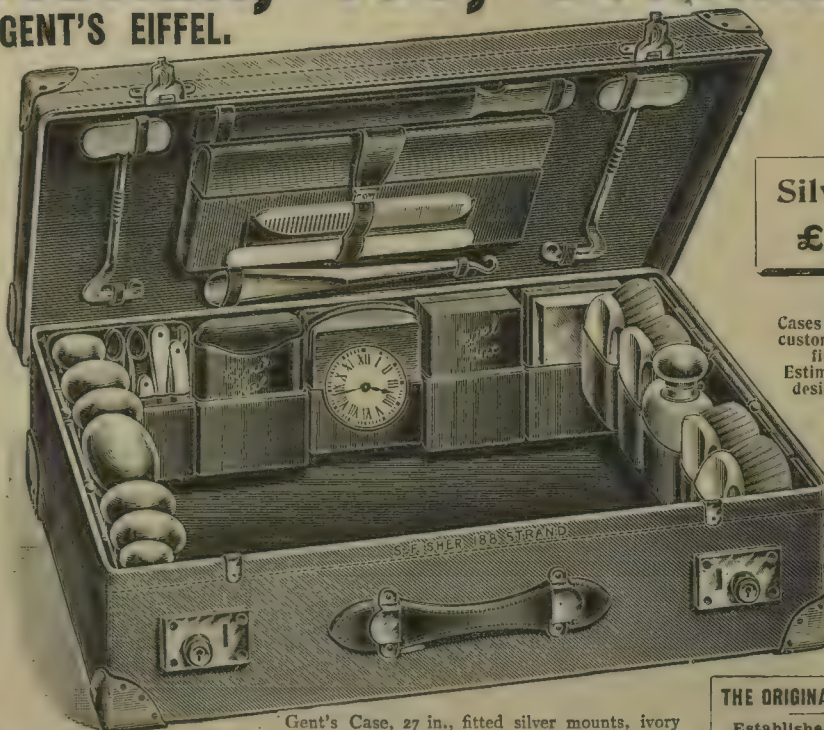
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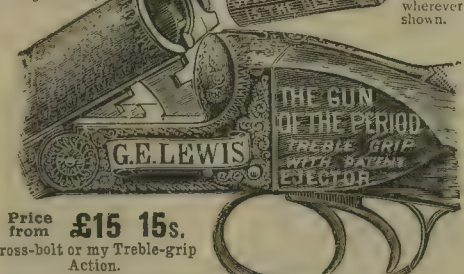
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quality of the Blood.When the tissues have been at work, there are  
thrown into the Blood waste products, and  
if these be not eliminated, but (through any  
cause) detained in the blood, they influence  
nutrition and function, and finally produce  
organic disease.Such disease will appear in the form of  
ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS,  
BLOOD POISON, UGLY BLOTCHES  
and PIMPLES, or other kinds of SORES,  
also RHEUMATISM and GOUT. For  
forty years a Safe and Permanent Remedy for  
all Skin and Blood Diseases has been found in**Clarke's  
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Mixture**

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It is warranted to cleanse the  
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SUFFERERS SHOULD READ THIS.Mr. E. COWELL, of 19, St. John's Quay, Dublin, writes:  
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remedies out of number, including electric and  
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be only one more of the many failures I had experi-  
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will certainly recommend your medicine to anyone I  
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# THE RED CROSS DOG FOR THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR HAUTONVILLE RICHARDSON, THE TRAINER OF AMBULANCE-DOGS; DRAWING BY SALVADORI



- THE BRITISH USE OF THE AMBULANCE-DOG.
1. DISPATCHING THE MESSENGER-DOG WITH A NOTE.
  2. DOG BARKING TO ATTRACT STRETCHER-BEARERS.
  3. AMBULANCE-DOG ON OUTPOST DUTY.
- THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN USE OF THE AMBULANCE-DOG.
4. AMBULANCE-DOG SUCCOURING A WOUNDED GERMAN.
  5. DOG-SCOUT OF THE ITALIAN ARMY GUIDING AN AMBULANCE-PARTY TOWARDS A WOUNDED MAN.

*These dogs have been used for some time by the Italian army, and have just been adopted by Germany, as well as by the Russians and Japanese.*



THE GREAT JAPANESE VICTORY AT KIN-CHAU, MAY 26: METHODS AND LOCALITIES OF THE COMBAT, AND THE JAPANESE ASSISTING GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA.

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK; PHOTOGRAPHS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



1. THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE RUSSIAN POSITION: HU-SHAN-TAO FORT.

2. JAPANESE REINFORCING TACTICS: SUPPORTS FOR THE FIRING LINE.  
Two fleets were shot down at Kin-chau before the third carried the Russian position of Nan-shan.

3. ONE OF THE ASSISTING GUN-BOATS, THE "CHOKAI."

4. THE POINT FROM WHICH THE JAPANESE COMMENCED THEIR  
ATTACK: THE HILLS TO THE EAST OF KIN-CHAU, WITH  
PART OF MOUNT SAMSON ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

5 AND 6. VESSELS OF THE ASSISTING GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA: THE "CHIKUSHI" AND THE "HEIYEN."

7. TRANSPORT OF WAR MATERIAL AT KIN-CHAU: THE HUGE FORCE OF CARTS  
FOR SUPPLIES.

8. THE TOWER OF THE NORTH GATE AT KIN-CHAU.

9. THE WEAPON THAT CARRIED THE DAY:  
A JAPANESE BAYONET CHARGE.

10. ONE OF THE ASSISTING GUN-BOATS: THE "AKAGI."



IMPERIAL JAPAN ON THE LOWER DECK: AN ACT OF PRINCELY CONDESCENSION.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE SKETCH.



SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 4, 1904.—IV

ONE OF THE JAPANESE ROYAL PRINCES SHARING THE SAILORS' MEAL ON BOARD A WAR-SHIP.

*The Prince is here seen partaking of the ordinary ration of rice, which is served to the men in small boxes, and is eaten with chopsticks.*



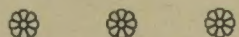
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306, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. 33, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.  
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„ BRISTOL at G. STANDERWICK & CO., Stokes Croft; and 34, The Triangle, Queen's Road, Clifton.  
„ CHELTENHAM at CAVENDISH HOUSE CO., Ltd.  
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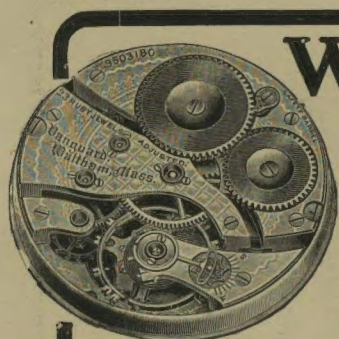
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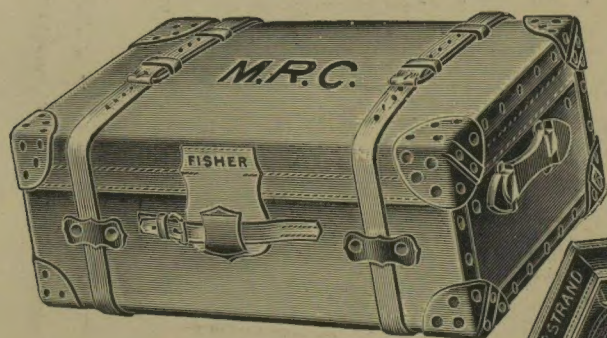
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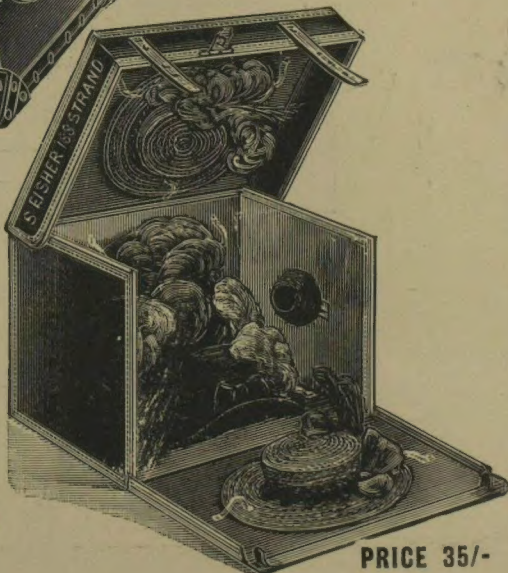
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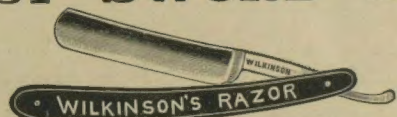
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